



No. 120

FEB.

Ten Cents



Detective COMICS

**BATMAN
and ROBIN**
Give
The Penguin
the bird
in
'Fowl Play'



"This Christmas will last
a long, long, time!"



**Memories of Christmas Holiday scenes
like this live forever
if you record them in snapshots**

Snapshots keep big moments alive. All the gang will be glad you took your camera along. You'll have fun sharing the prints with your friends. And snapshots are so easy to make. With many cameras of the famous Kodak line, you simply "load, aim, and shoot." Kodak Verichrome Film eliminates the guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, New York.

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made on Kodak Verichrome Film
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You see your subject in full picture size—in the hooded view-finder. One of many cameras in the famous Kodak line.

Kodak

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

Featuring the
PENGUIN
IN
'FOWL PLAY!'

BIRDS - ENCYCLOPEDIA
PENGUIN... a species of non-flying bird confined to Antarctic regions. It feeds on fish. Comical and harmless, it is hunted for oil extracted from its body.

Crime Encyclopedia
Penguin... a species of criminal found wherever there is loot. It feeds on gems, gold and other treasures. Handsome and dangerous, the Penguin is

— HUNTED BY
BATMAN AND ROBIN
FOR EXTRACTION OF
STOLEN GOODS, AND
PLACED IN A CAGE
CALLED STATE PEN!



PENGUINS HAVE NO WINGS, BUT HERE IS ONE THAT CAN FLY...

WELL, DICK...IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE CRIME IS ON THE WING!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN—THE PENGUIN'S FLOWN THE COOP AGAIN!



ELSEWHERE, THE PENGUIN IS READING THAT SAME NEWSPAPER...

"PROFESSOR BOYD TO COMPILE BIRD LORE FOR NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA. PUBLISHERS PICK COUNTRY'S MOST NOTED ORNITHOLOGIST AS CONTRIBUTOR..."
BAH.

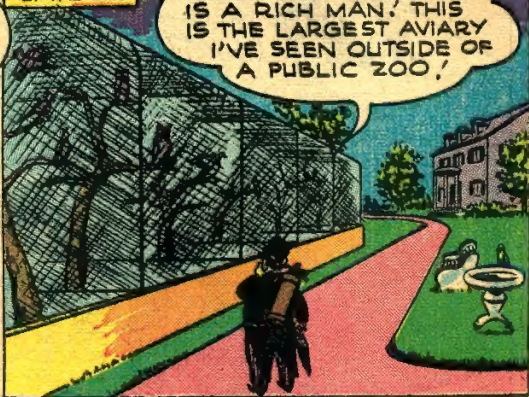


I, THE PENGUIN, AM THE COUNTRY'S LEADING BIRD MAN! IT'S AN INSULT! I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THIS BOYD BIRD!



LATER...

HMM! PROFESSOR BOYD IS A RICH MAN! THIS IS THE LARGEST AVIARY I'VE SEEN OUTSIDE OF A PUBLIC ZOO!



SIR, I AM THE PENGUIN! I WISH TO DISCUSS MY POSITION IN THE BIRD WORLD AND...

POSITION? OH, YOU'RE ANSWERING MY NEWSPAPER AD FOR AN ASSISTANT!



YES, MR. GUIN... MR. BEN GUIN, YOU SAID, DIDN'T YOU? COME IN, MR. GUIN.



EH?!?

INSIDE THE PROFESSOR'S STUDY...



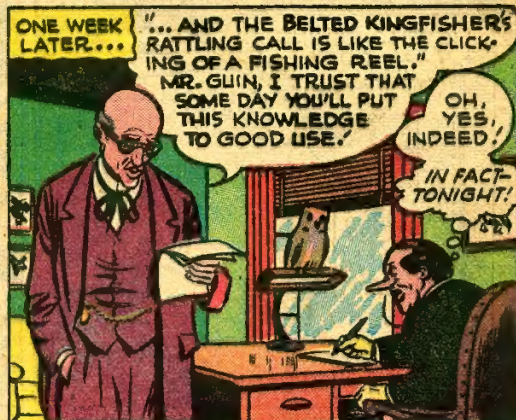
THE JOB PAYS WELL AND YOU'LL LEARN MUCH ABOUT UNUSUAL BIRDS, AFTER ALL, KNOWLEDGE IS A WAY TO WEALTH.



I AM A RECLUSE, I HAVE NO RADIO, READ NO NEWS-PAPERS! HERE IS MY WORLD... MY BELOVED BIRDS AND I!



UNUSUAL BIRDS... RARE KNOWLEDGE... WAY TO WEALTH! A RECLUSE... READS NO NEWSPAPERS! PENGUIN, YOU HAVE FOUND A WAY TO FEATHER YOUR NEST!



ONE WEEK LATER...

"...AND THE BELTED KINGFISHER'S RATTLING CALL IS LIKE THE CLICKING OF A FISHING REEL." MR. GUIN, I TRUST THAT SOME DAY YOU'LL PUT THIS KNOWLEDGE TO GOOD USE.

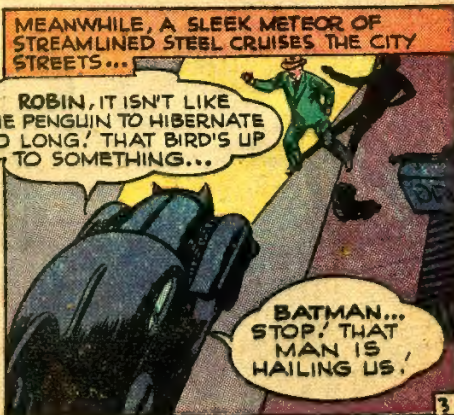
OH, YES, INDEED!

IN FACT-TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT...

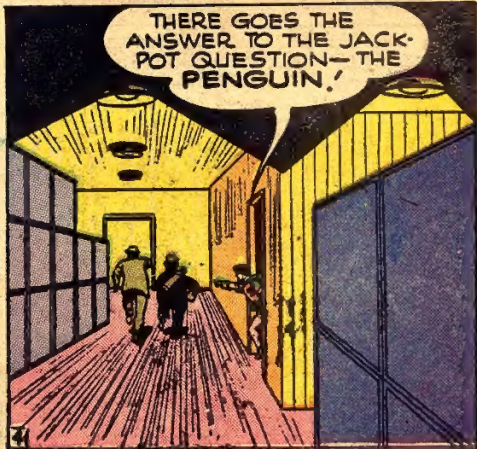
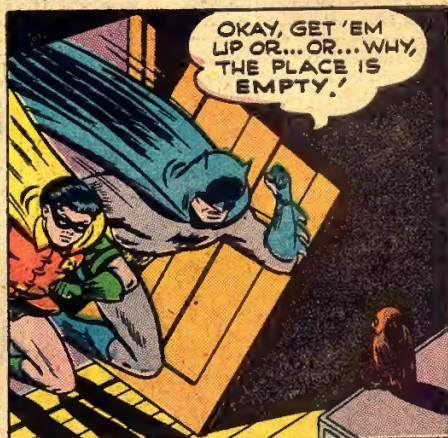
NOW I'LL BORROW A FEW SPECIMENS FROM THE PROFESSOR'S AVIARY! HE WON'T MISS THEM!

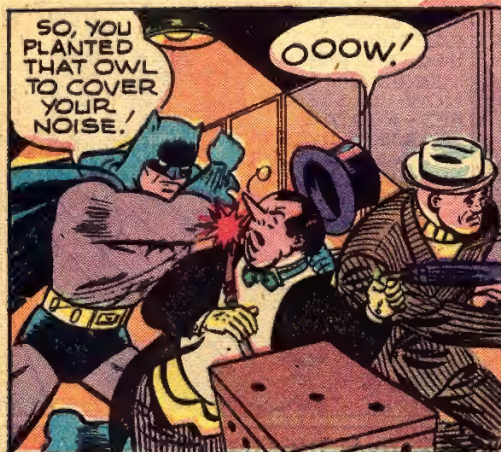


MEANWHILE, A SLEEK METEOR OF STREAMLINED STEEL CRUISES THE CITY STREETS...

ROBIN, IT ISN'T LIKE THE PENGUIN TO HIBERNATE SO LONG! THAT BIRD'S UP TO SOMETHING...

BATMAN... STOP! THAT MAN IS HAILING US!





BUT THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA HANDLE REACHES OUT AND...



FOR A MOMENT, THE FOWL LOOK ABOUT THEM... THEN, SPYING ROBIN—THEY ATTACK!

WHAT...? BATMAN...HELP. HELP! THEY'LL PECK MY EYES OUT!

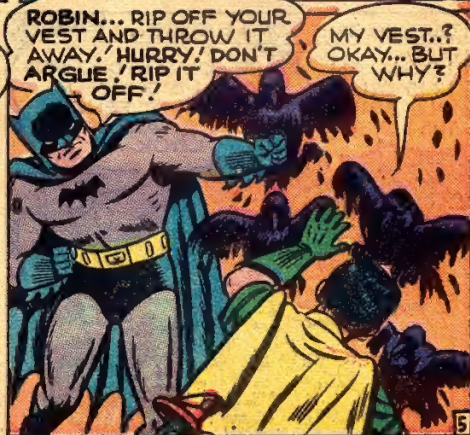


AS THE BATMAN RUSHES TO AID ROBIN...



ROBIN... RIP OFF YOUR VEST AND THROW IT AWAY. HURRY... DON'T ARGUE! RIP IT OFF!

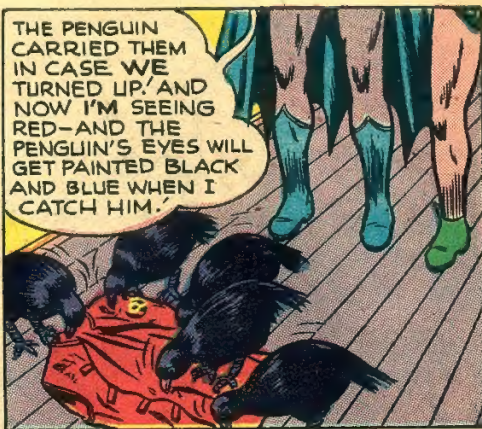
MY VEST...? OKAY... BUT WHY?





THEY'RE GOING AFTER IT! THEY'RE CRAZY!

THEY'RE BLACK WOOD HENS OF NEW ZEALAND! THEY ATTACK ANYTHING COLORED RED!



THE PENGUIN CARRIED THEM IN CASE WE TURNED UP! AND NOW I'M SEEING RED-AND THE PENGUIN'S EYES WILL GET PAINTED BLACK AND BLUE WHEN I CATCH HIM!



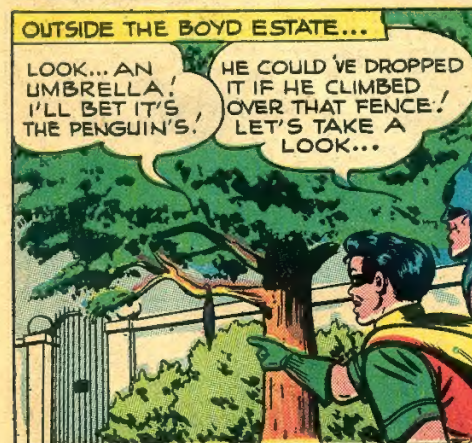
THESE CRAZY CHICKENS NEED A FRYING!

THEY'RE RARE! THE PENGUIN PROBABLY STOLE THEM FROM A ZOO! LET'S CHECK - WE MIGHT GET A LEAD ON HIS NEXT JOB!



NEXT DAY... AT THE CITY ZOO...

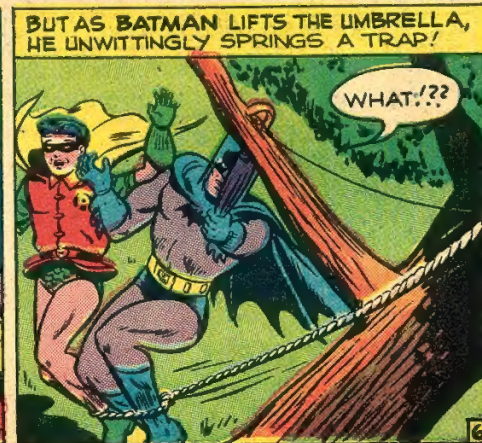
NO BLACK WOOD HENS MISSING HERE! CHECK THE PRIVATE AVIARIES! PROFESSOR BOYD HAS THE LARGEST...



OUTSIDE THE BOYD ESTATE...

LOOK... AN UMBRELLA! I'LL BET IT'S THE PENGUIN'S!

HE COULD'VE DROPPED IT IF HE CLIMBED OVER THAT FENCE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK...



BUT AS BATMAN LIFTS THE UMBRELLA, HE UNWITTINGLY SPRINGS A TRAP!

WHAT!??



AT THE FOOT OF A NEARBY CLIFF...

WELL, PUDGY, I
SUPPOSE YOU
DREAMED UP
SOMETHING
SPECIAL FOR
US THIS TIME?

NATCH, I PRESUME
YOU'VE SEEN THE
HEADRESS NATIVES
WEAR TO FOOL
UNWARY BIRDS
THEY'RE STALKING...

UP THIS CLIFF THERE'S A
LARGE FALCON... WHEN THE HUNGRY FALCON
SEES WHAT SEEMS TO BE LIVING
BIRDS ATOP YOUR SKULLS, HE'LL
DIVE DOWN AND
ATTACK THEM!

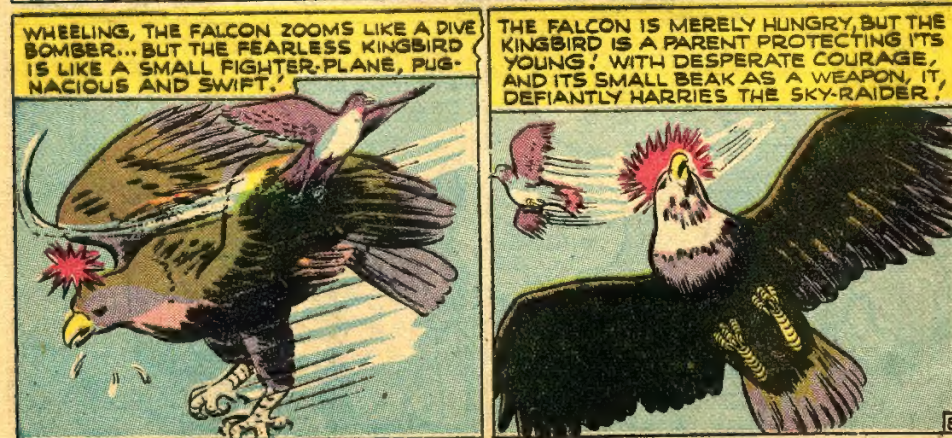
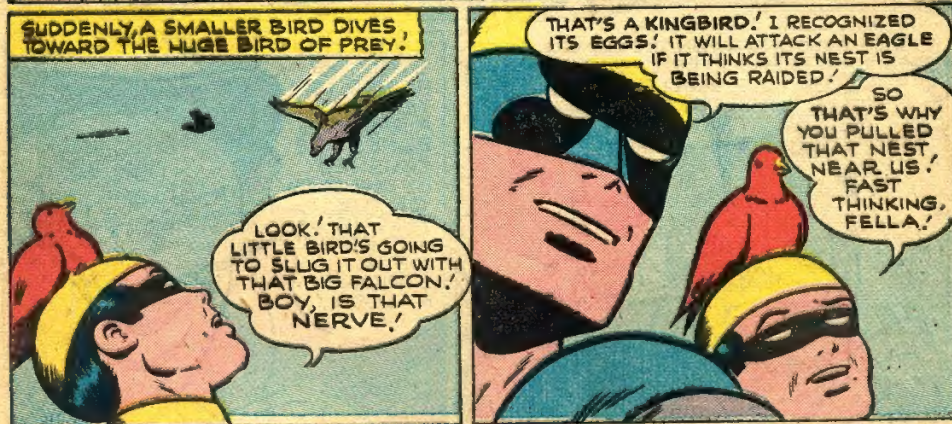
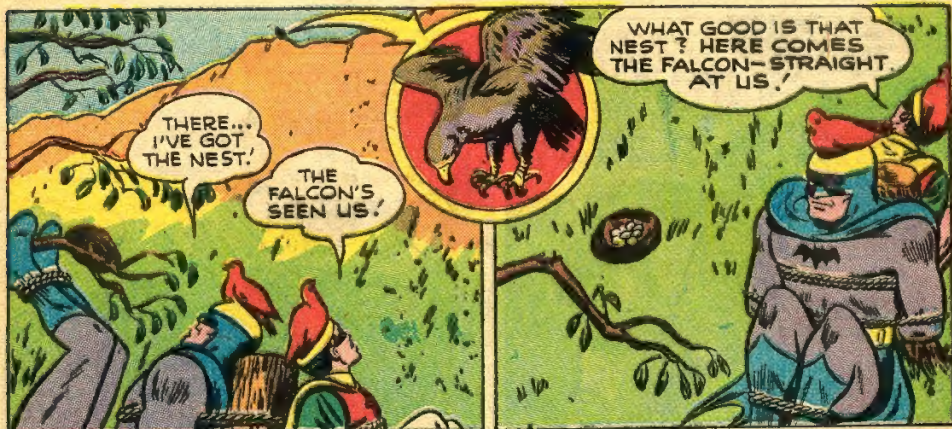
THE FALCON'S
STRIKING
POWER IS
TERRIFIC,
A RABBIT'S
BONES ARE
CRUSHED
BY ONE BLOW
OF THE
TALONS
AND BEAK
OF A
STRIKING
FALCON!

I ASSURE YOU,
YOUR SKULLS WILL
BE SMASHED LIKE
BIRDS' EGGS BY
THAT FALCON'S
BLOW!

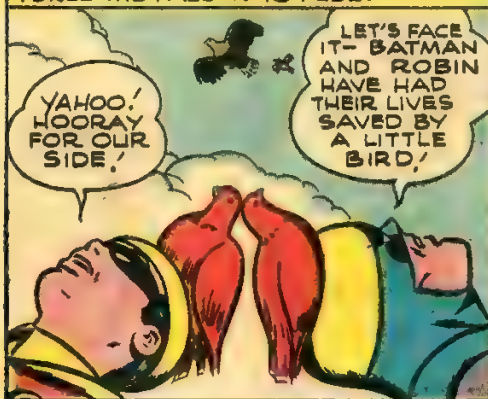
IF WE
ONLY
HAD TIME,
WE MIGHT
WRIGGLE
LOOSE.
IF—

ALONE NOW, BATMAN AND ROBIN
AWAIT THE FALCON'S
ATTACK—AND CERTAIN
DEATH!

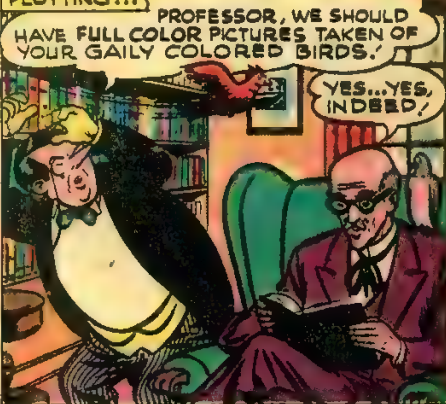
IF I COULD
JUST REACH
THAT BIRD
NEST!
IF—



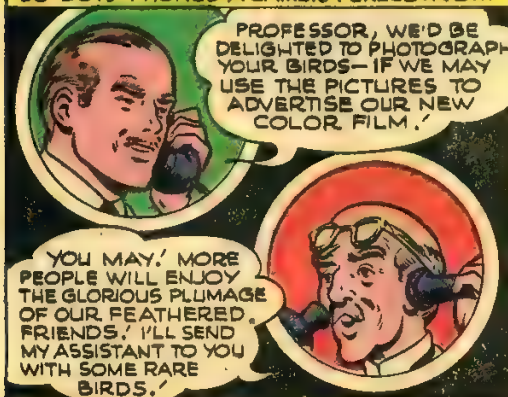
... THE ANGRY PECKS AND SWIFT DARTS FORCE THE FALCON TO FLEE!



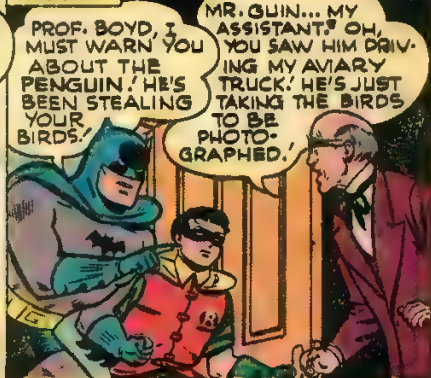
MEANWHILE, ANOTHER LITTLE BIRD IS PLOTTING...



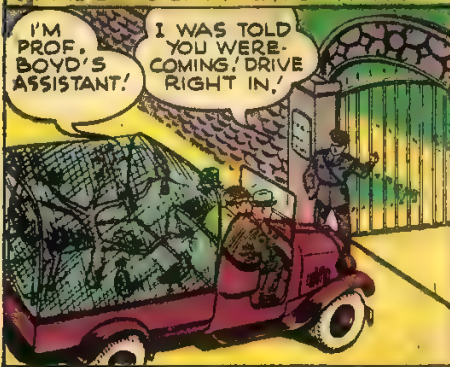
SO BOYD PHONES A CAMERA EXECUTIVE...



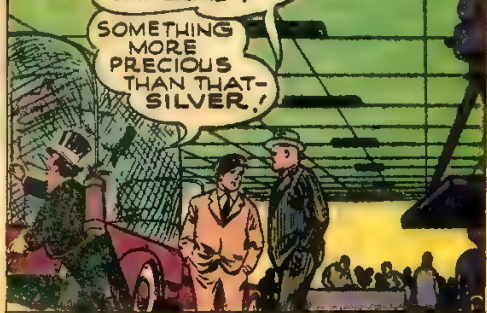
LATER... AFTER WRIGGLING FREE OF THE ROPES...

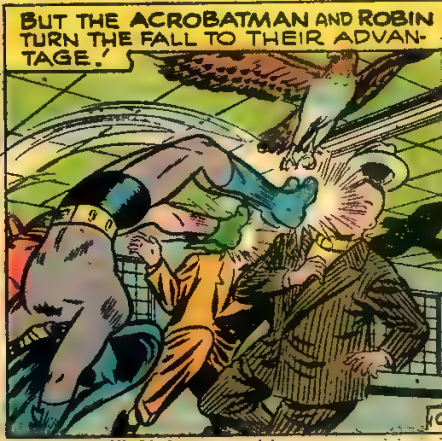
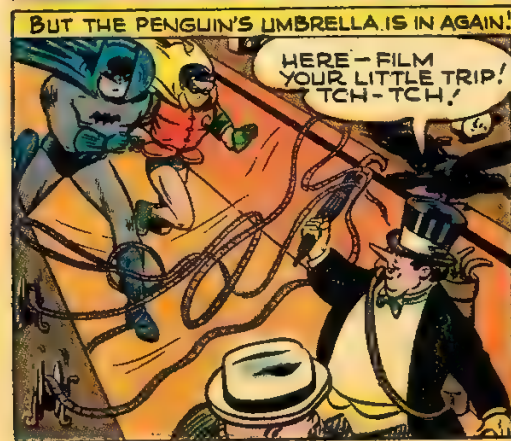
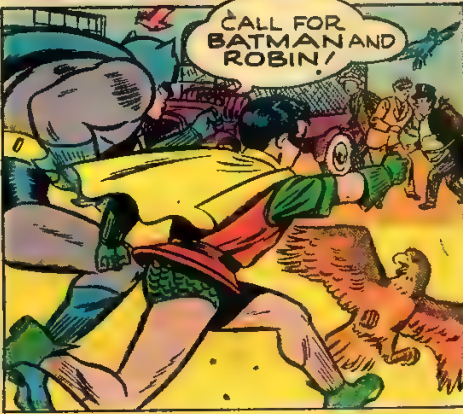
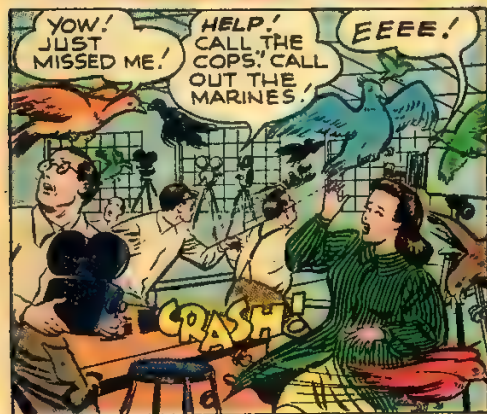
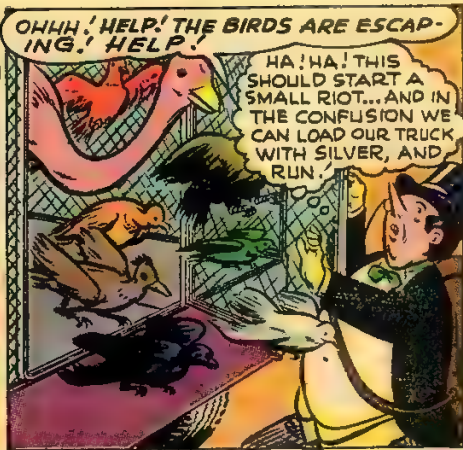


AT THE GATES OF THE CAMERA PLANT...



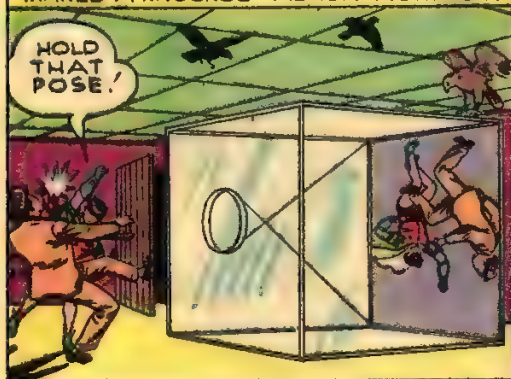
INSIDE... WHAT ARE WE GONNA STEAL? CAMERAS?



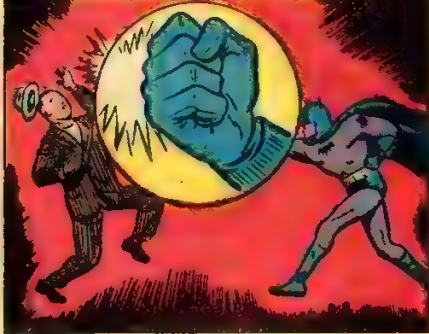


BEFORE A GLASS DISPLAY CAMERA, ROBIN MAKES A KNOCKOUT ACTION PICTURE...

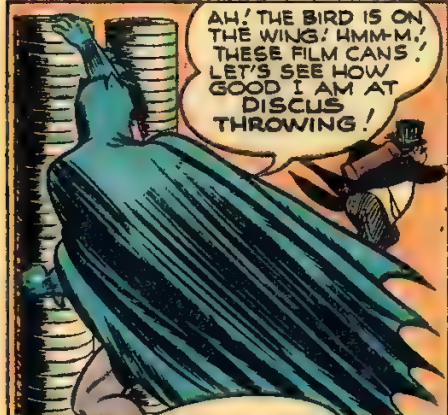
HOLD THAT POSE!



VIEWED THROUGH THE LENS, BATMAN'S FIST LOOKS AS BIG AS IT FEELS WHEN IT HITS YOU!



AH, THE BIRD IS ON THE WING! HMM-M, THESE FILM CANS! LET'S SEE HOW GOOD I AM AT DISCUS THROWING!



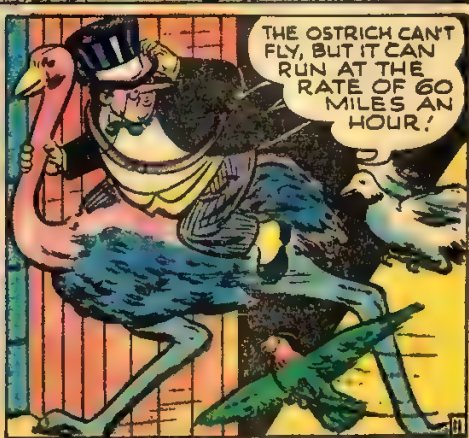
BROUGHT HIM DOWN JUST LIKE A CLAY PIGEON!

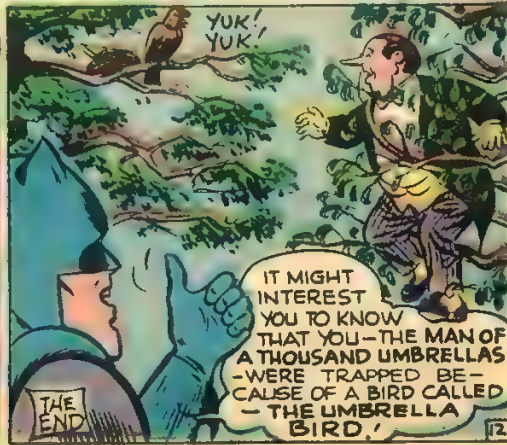
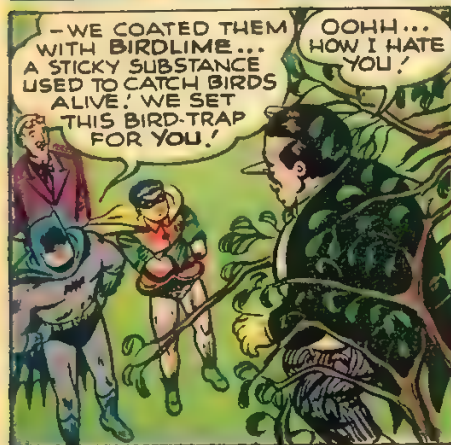
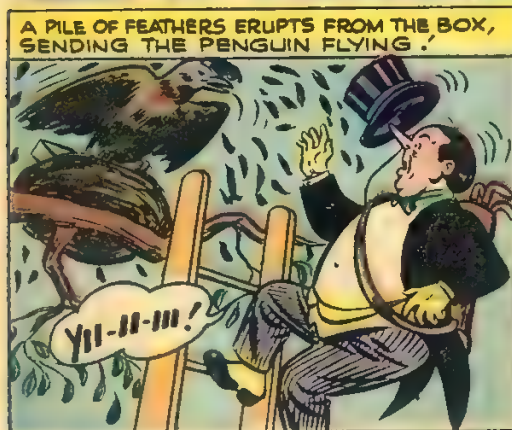


FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS— BUT THEY ALSO MAKE FINE DARTS.



THE OSTRICH CAN'T FLY, BUT IT CAN RUN AT THE RATE OF 60 MILES AN HOUR!







WANT TO BE A champion dancer?

Famous Dance Man Arthur Murray
Shows You How in Wheaties
New Library of Sports Book



THE ONLY ONE LIKE THIS AVAILABLE
BOX TOP, 10c, COUPON BELOW
IN WHEATIES, BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,
21 EPOCHS, 2c, 2c,
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LOOK! Your copy of "Let's Dance" includes instructions for making Arthur Murray's Magic Foot Prints. An easy way to master Murray's Magic Step—the secret of his easy-to-learn methods.



IN A HURRY

BOYS! GIRLS! Learn the Lindy, the Fox Trot, the Walk-Away, the Waltz—including basic steps for all popular dances. And learn in a hurry from Arthur Murray, America's best known dance instructor.



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EXTRA! Get coupon with your "Let's Dance" book good for one private 15 minute lesson at nearest Arthur Murray Dance Studio. Use this personal dance interview to check your progress. An expert Murray teacher will dance with you, analyze your dancing, show you how any fault can be corrected. A swell finish for your Murray-Wheaties dancing course.

Dancing is Fun... a pleasant sport... a healthful exercise... a social asset. Dancing will help you to be a popular member of your gang. *Dancing is easy*, too, (even if you've never danced before) once you learn the magic methods of Arthur Murray.

You teach yourself. No partner is needed for preliminary lessons. All you need is a copy of Arthur Murray's new 44-page book, "Let's Dance," and a

phonograph or radio. Especially posed pictures and two-color dance diagrams help make learning easy.

All the basic instruction you need to step out confidently on any dance floor is your Murray-Wheaties book. There's a special section on dance floor etiquette that will help you feel at home and at ease. Plus a valuable list of "Dance Don'ts" that will head off errors made by most beginners.



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Please send me Wheaties new Library of Sports book, "Let's Dance," by Arthur Murray, America's most famous dance master. I enclose only 10c and one Wheaties box top.

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This special offer not good after July 1, 1947

SLAM BRADLEY

SHORTY MORGAN IS BELOW PAR IN HEIGHT, BUT HE IS WAY ABOVE PAR WHEN IT COMES TO GETTING INTO TROUBLE... AND HE USUALLY GETS HIS PAL SLAM BRADLEY, INTO THE MESS WITH HIM! SO, THERE'S TROUBLE GALORE WHEN A TREACHEROUS TRIO TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SHORTCOMINGS OF THE TINY MAN AS...

"SHORTY GROWS UP!"



OFF DUTY, AND SPRUCING UP, THE HARD-HITTING DETECTIVE DUO GOES SHOPPING ...

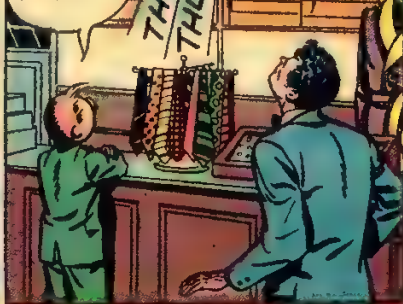
I NEED A NEW NECKTIE... AND THESE LOOK GOOD...

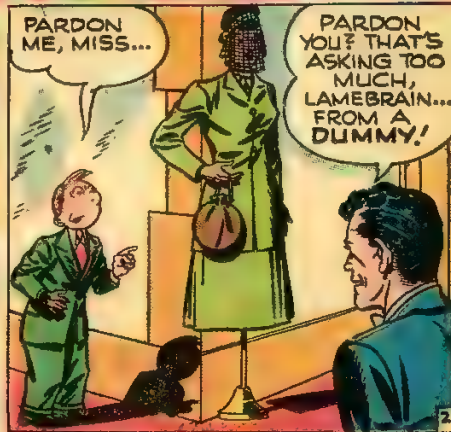
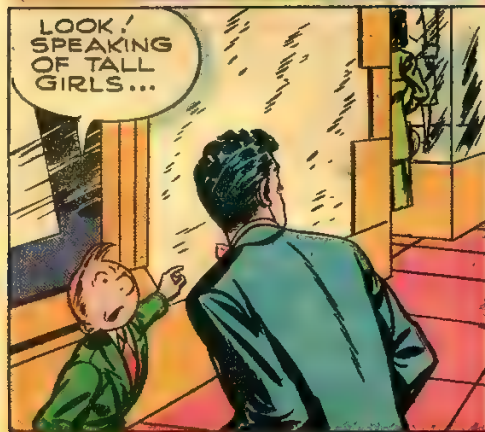
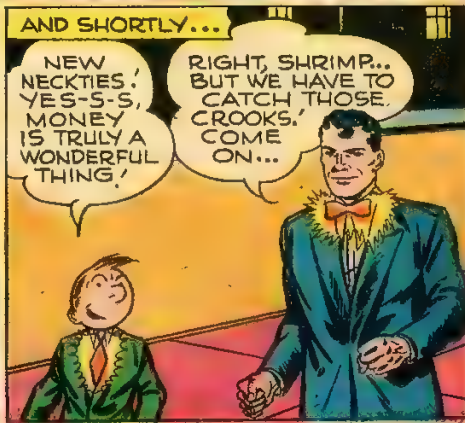
YOU AND ME BOTH, MIDGET... AND I CAN USE SOME SHIRTS AND SOCKS, TOO...



WHERE'S THE SALESMAN? SAY, WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

COME ON, LET'S FIND OUT!

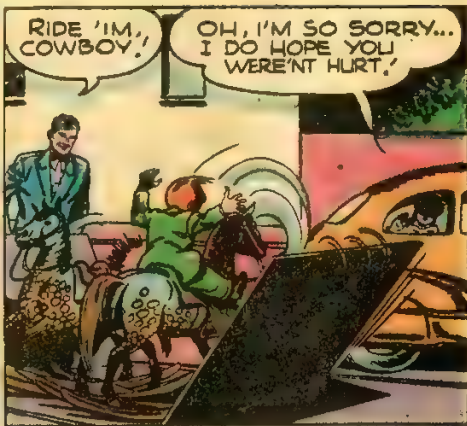




BUT SLAM AGREES WITH SHORTY THAT A VERY TALL, VEILED GIRL IS THEIR BEST CLUE. AND AS THEY SEARCH FOR HER...

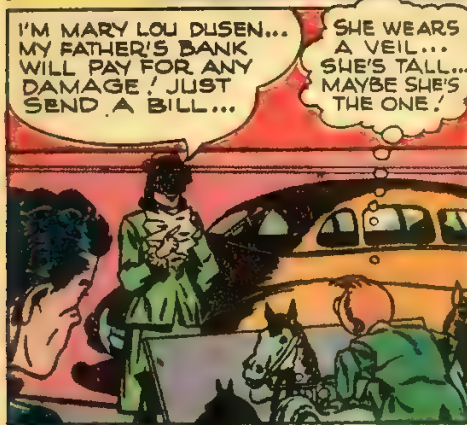


YIIII... SOME-BODY'S TRYING TO KILL ME!



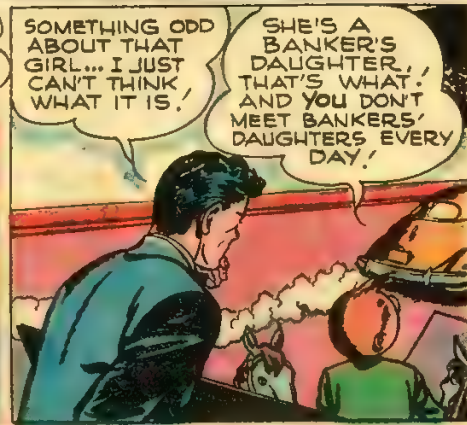
RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!

OH, I'M SO SORRY... I DO HOPE YOU WERE'NT HURT.



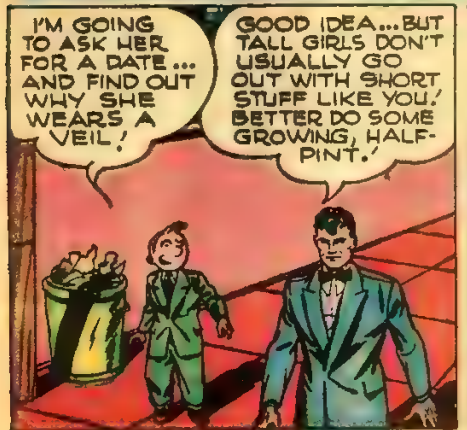
I'M MARY LOU DUSEN... MY FATHER'S BANK WILL PAY FOR ANY DAMAGE! JUST SEND A BILL...

SHE WEARS A VEIL... SHE'S TALL... MAYBE SHE'S THE ONE!



SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THAT GIRL... I JUST CAN'T THINK WHAT IT IS.

SHE'S A BANKER'S DAUGHTER... THAT'S WHAT. AND YOU DON'T MEET BANKERS' DAUGHTERS EVERY DAY!



I'M GOING TO ASK HER FOR A DATE... AND FIND OUT WHY SHE WEARS A VEIL!

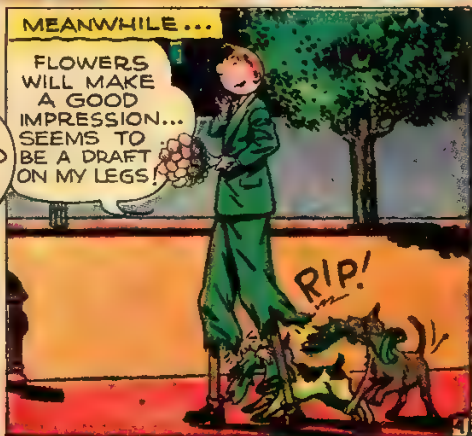
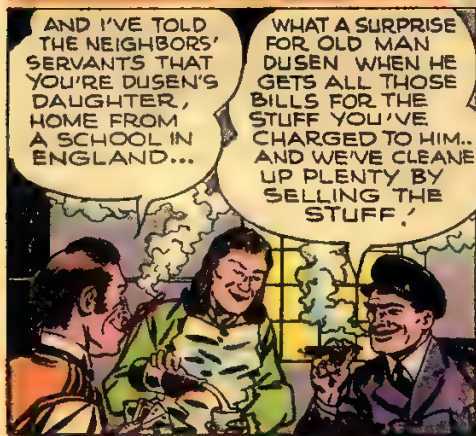
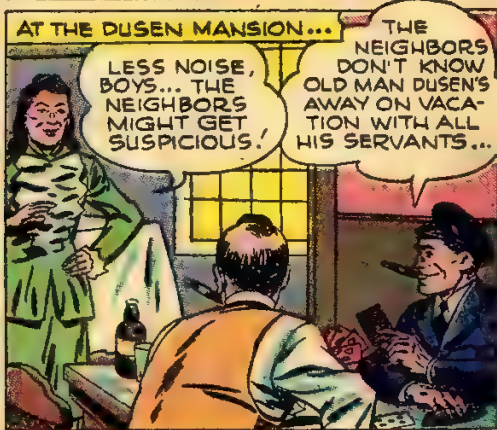
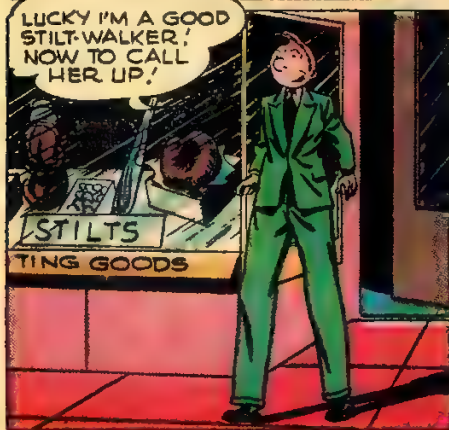
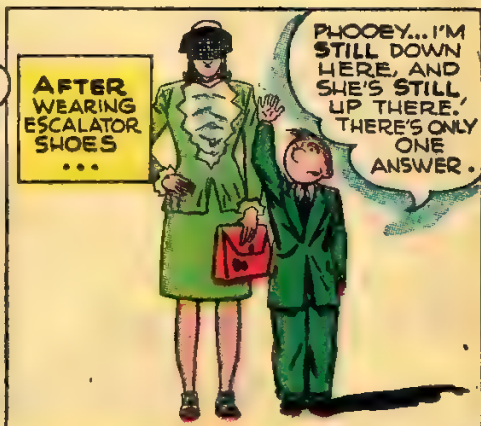
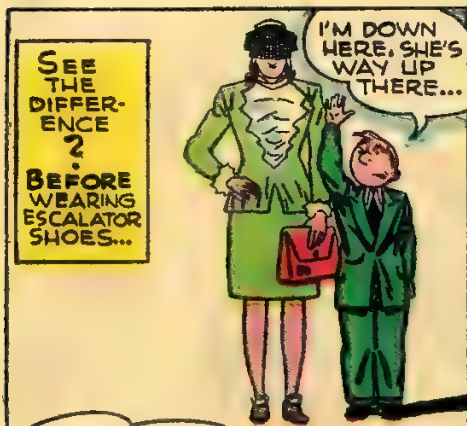
GOOD IDEA... BUT TALL GIRLS DON'T USUALLY GO OUT WITH SHORT STUFF LIKE YOU! BETTER DO SOME GROWING, HALF-PINT.



THIS WILL BRING ME UP TO HER LEVEL!

ESCALATOR SHOES

NOW YOU CAN BE TALLER THAN YOUR GIRL!



THEN, SHORTY MAKES A PHONE CALL...

YES, THIS IS MARY LOU... MR. MORGAN? OH, YES... COME RIGHT OVER.

IT'S THE SAP I ALMOST RAN DOWN... MAYBE WE CAN USE HIM AS A FALL GUY.

YES, IT'S A CROOKED SETUP SHORTY IS WALKING INTO.

WHY, MARY LOU, HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE!

THANK YOU, MR. MORGAN!

OH, OH... NOW I KNOW WHY I SLAM THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING ODD ABOUT HER! AN ADAM'S APPLE!

STILTS! WHAT-?

YOU'VE GOT AN ADAM'S APPLE... AND GIRLS DON'T HAVE ADAM'S APPLES... JUST MEN.

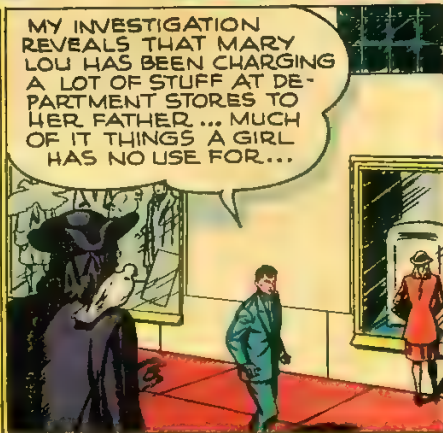
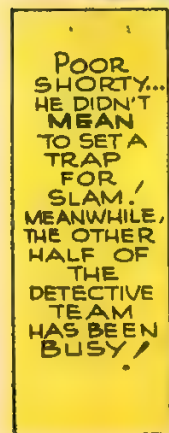
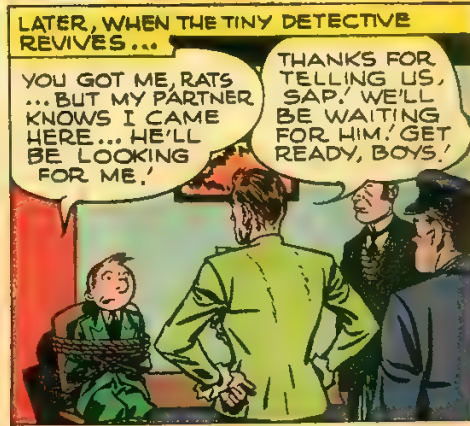
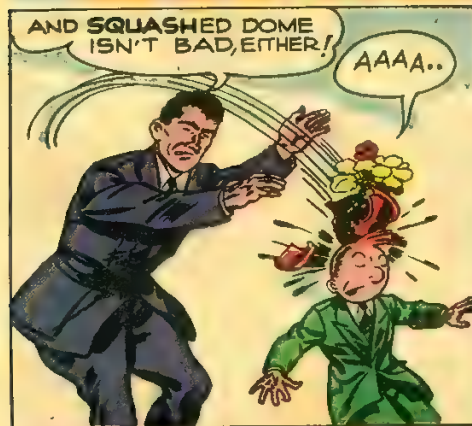
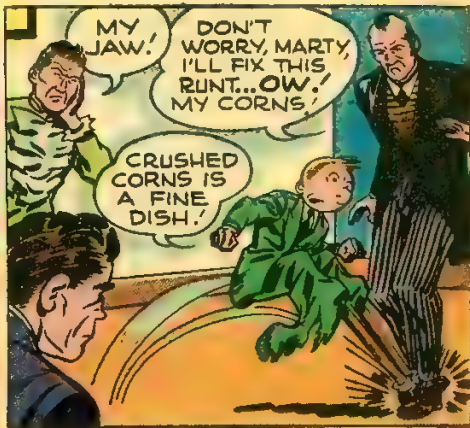
AND YOU'RE WEARIN' STILTS!

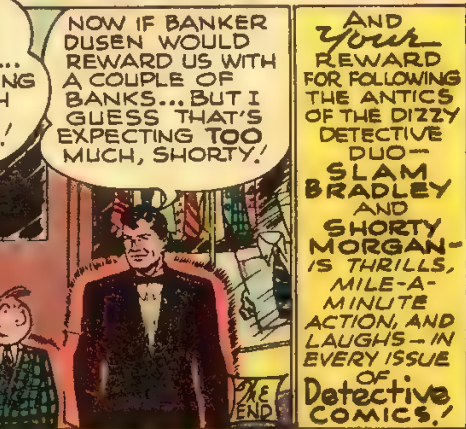
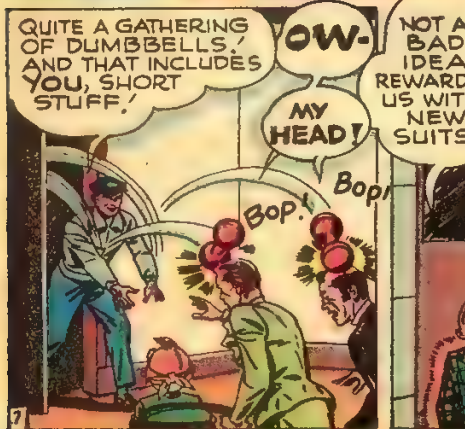
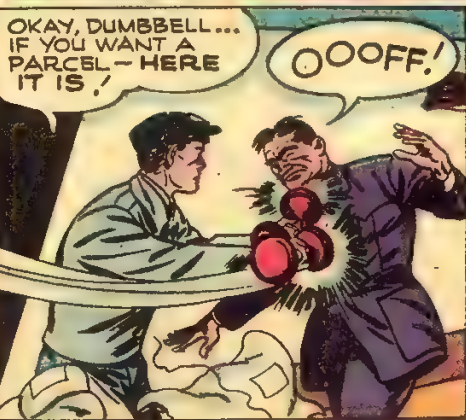
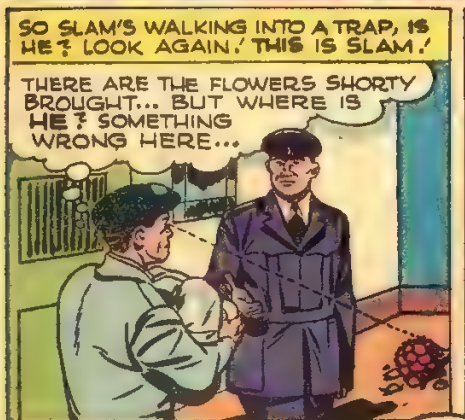
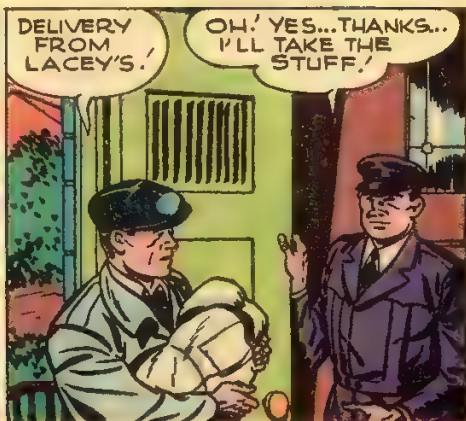
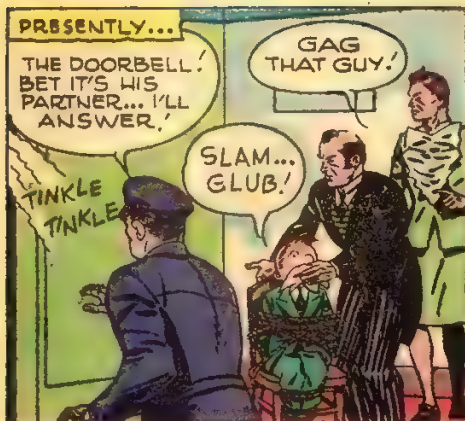
I'LL BRING YOU DOWN TO MY LEVEL, YOU PHONEY!

NOBODY CAN BE THAT LOW...
OOOPS!

SHORT OR NOT... I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU, FISH-FACE!

YIII!

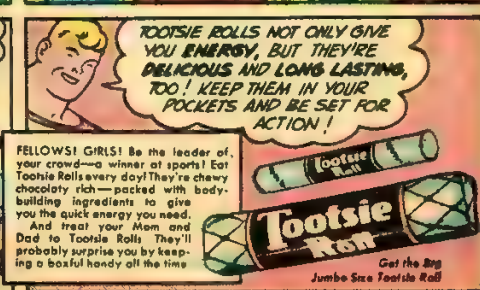
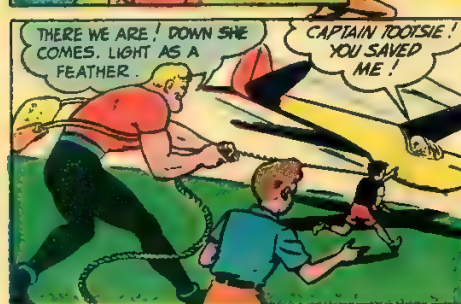
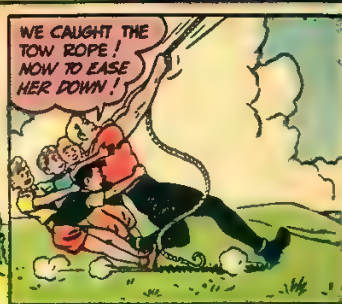
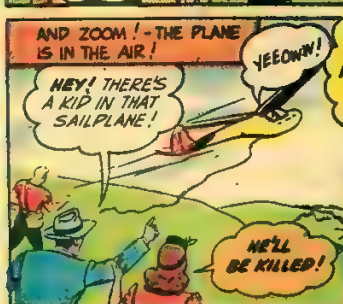
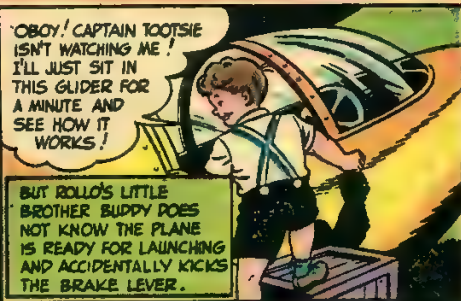




Tootsie

SAVES THE SAILPLANE

BY CC BECK AND PETER COFFMAN



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is for
PORCUPINE,

A SHARP SORT OF CHAP
WHOM TO SIT DOWN ON
WOULD BE A MISHAP.
BUT SHOULD THIS ADVICE PROVE
TO BE ALL IN VAIN,
COMIC BOOKS WITH THIS SYMBOL
WILL BANISH ALL PAIN.



ON THE COVER OF
MORE FUN
COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

AIR WAVE



ALL AVON HAS CLAIMED FOR YEARS THAT THE CRUMBLING OLD CRAIG PLACE IS HAUNTED...

AIR WAVE 'A SAFE-CRACKER! AIR WAVE USING ALL HIS SKILL TO OPEN A BANK VAULT WHILE EAGER THIEVES POISE READY TO GATHER A GOLDEN HARVEST! IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SAY? YET, WITH A HUMAN LIFE-AND SOMETHING MORE-AT STAKE, THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS FINDS NO CHOICE BUT TO PLAY HIS STRANGEST ROLE, A GRIM-FACED-

SAFE-CRACKER & PROXY!

BUT ONE NIGHT...



WE CAN'T GO ON WITHOUT WATER. I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME AT THE CRAIG PLACE!

OH- IN THERE? BE CAREFUL!



TWO DAYS LATER, AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY JORDAN DRIVES PAST THE CRAIG PLACE ON HIS WAY TO A RESORT HOTEL ...

HAUNTED, EH? ANYBODY EVER SEE THIS GHOST?

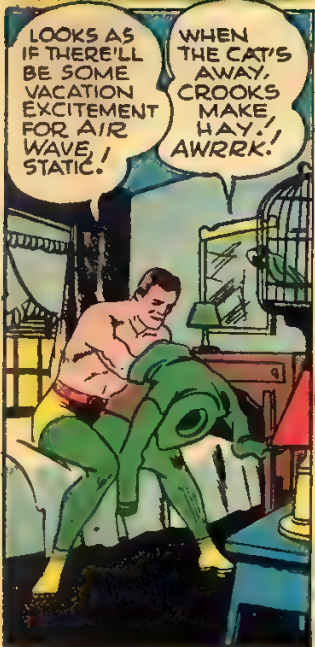
TWO NIGHTS AGO YOUNG BOB ROSS SAW IT—HEARD IT, TOO—NEAR SCARED THE LIFE OUT O' HIM!

BUT IT IS NO GHOST THAT WAKES JORDAN THAT NIGHT...

A SHOT! AND NOISE OF A FIGHT! THERE'S TROUBLE DOWNSTAIRS!



MOMENTS LATER, DOWNSTAIRS...



LOOKS AS IF THERE'LL BE SOME VACATION EXCITEMENT FOR AIR WAVE, STATIC!

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, CROOKS MAKE HAY! AWRRK!

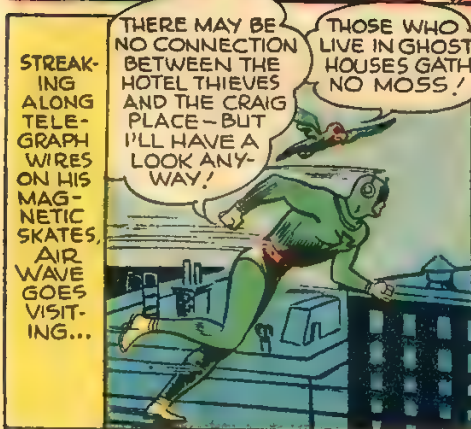
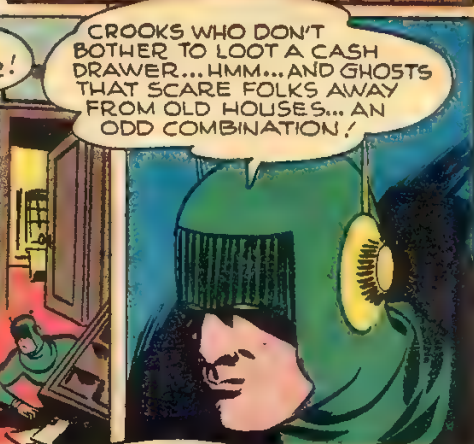
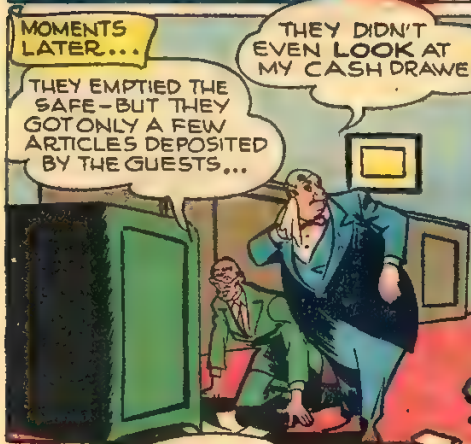
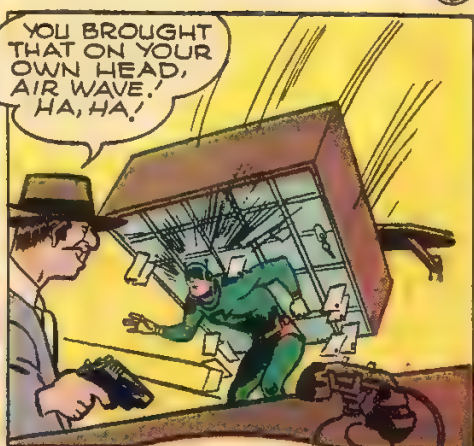
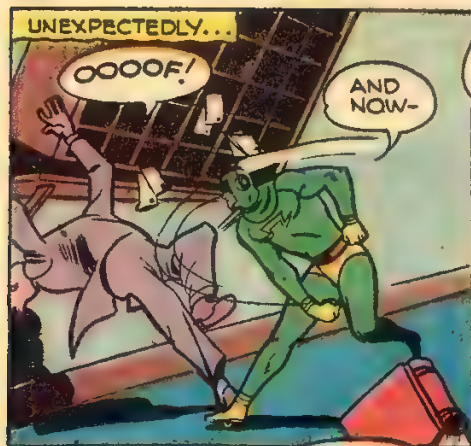


UH-UH—HELLO RIFF-RAFF!

AIR WAVE!

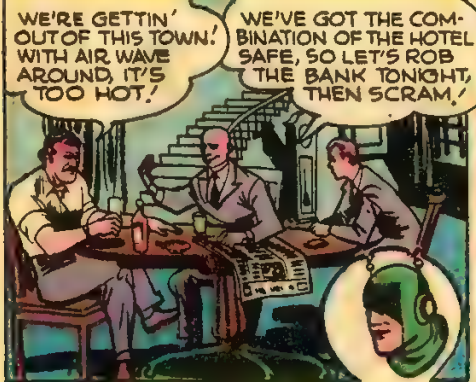


THIS OUGHT TO REGISTER WITH YOU, PUNK!

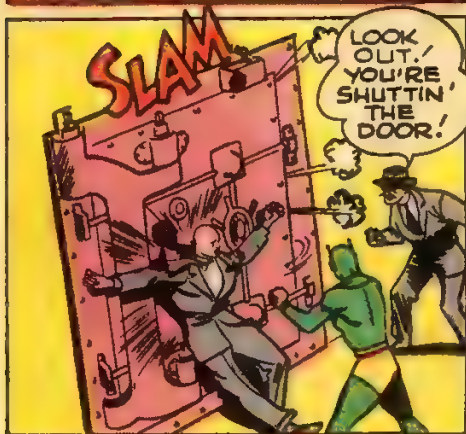
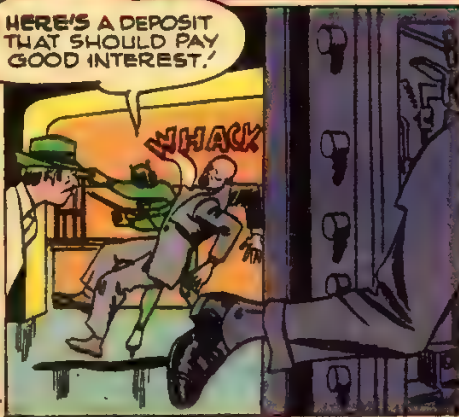
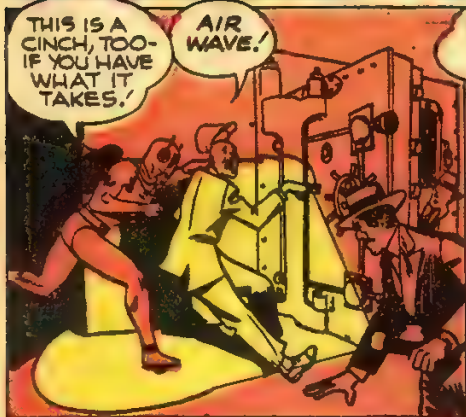
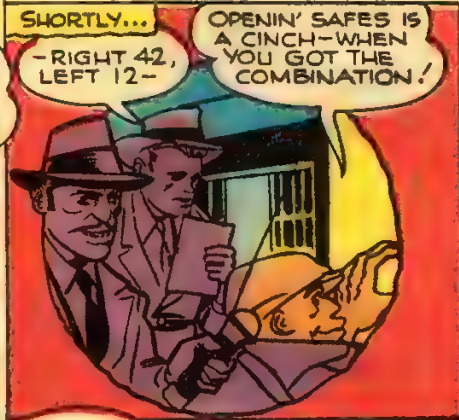


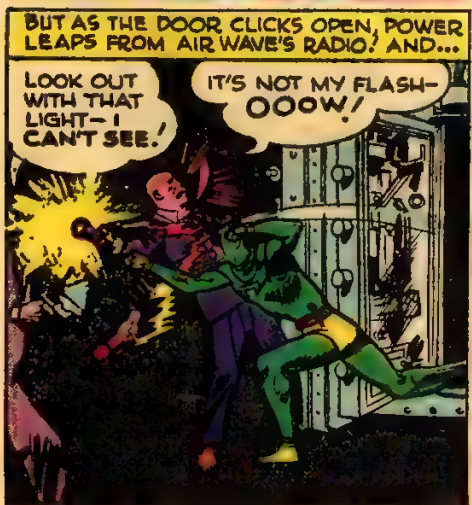
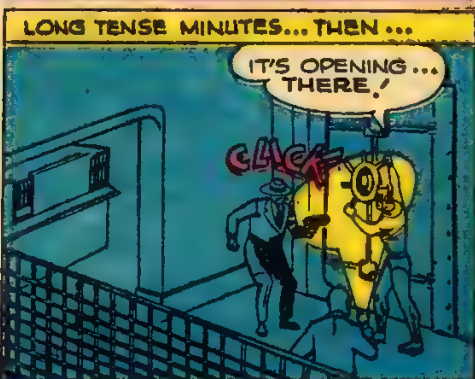
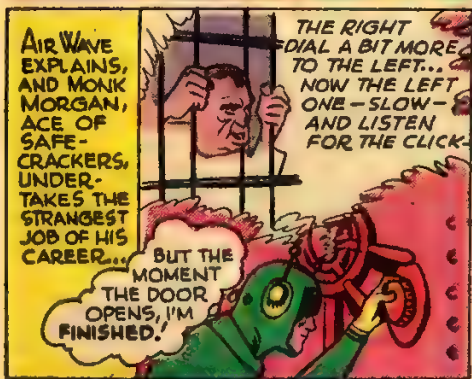
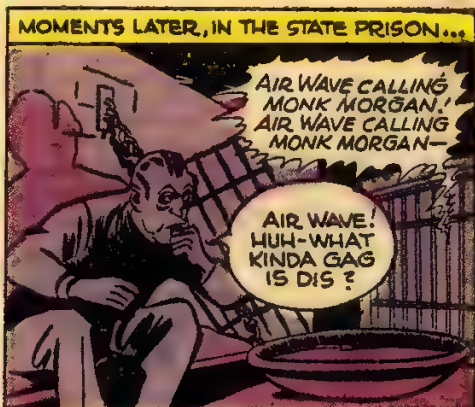
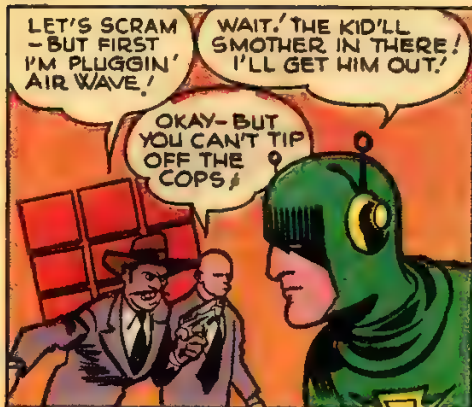


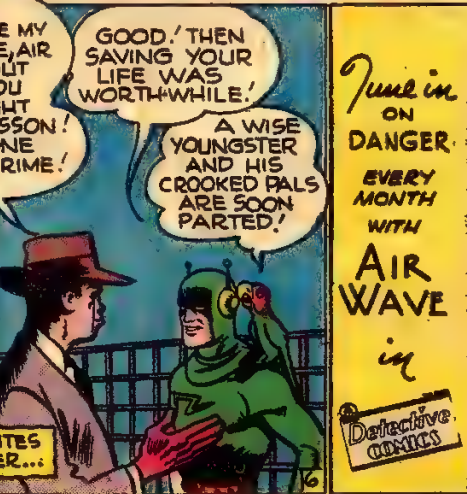
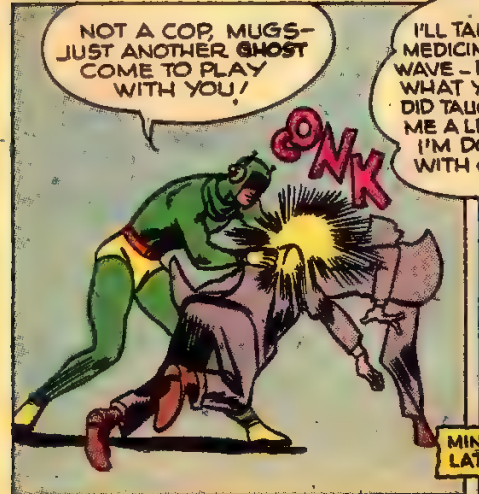
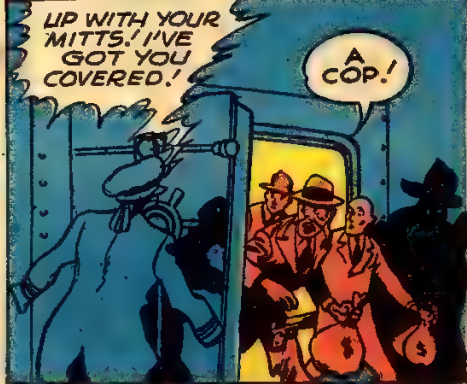
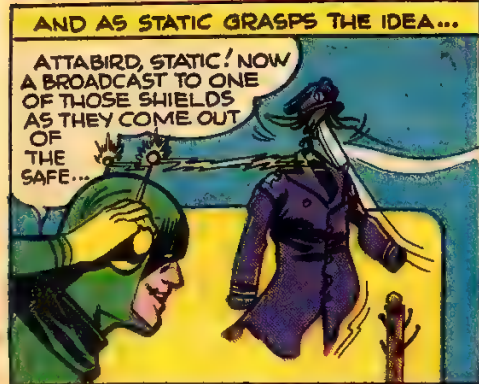
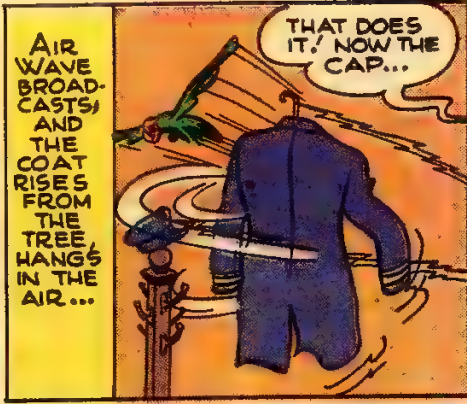
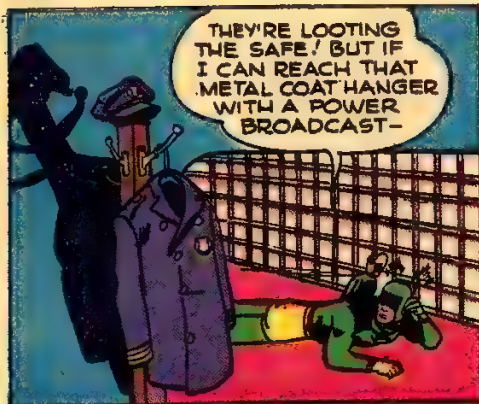
AND INSIDE THE HOUSE...



SHORTLY...







June in
ON
DANGER.
EVERY
MONTH
WITH
AIR
WAVE
in

Detective
COMICS

*Two of America's
Most Famous Boys!*



ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

TWO-FISTED ACTION-PAL
OF FAMOUS, HARD-HITTING

BATMAN

NOW ON HIS OWN
IN SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT
AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!

IN EVERY ISSUE OF
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SUPERBOY

-THE THRILLING, ACTION-
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SUPERMAN

WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

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PROF. PIP

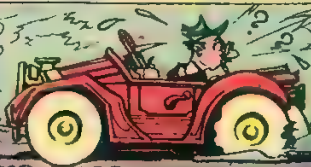


FULL-TIME ASTROLOGER AND WANDERING MINSTREL OF THE SKYWAYS, WHOSE PREDICTIONS OF THINGS TO COME ARE PRE-DIGESTED, DE-HYDRATED, SUGAR-COATED, AND CHOCKFUL OF NUTS —

WITHIN THE NEXT THREE WEEKS, THE PLANET AQUARIUS WILL COME DIRECTLY UNDER THE STRONG INFLUENCE OF THE HOUSE OF TAURUS— THIS BETOKENS A SERIES OF STARTLING NEW INVENTIONS AND SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES THAT WILL UNSCRAMBLE MOST OF OUR PRESENT DAY MENTAL SOGGINESS— SO I PREDICT THAT—

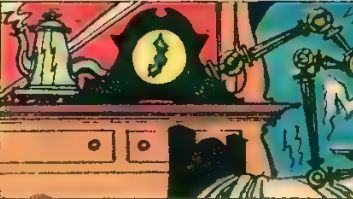
DOWN ONLY

A NEWLY PERFECTED GADGET WILL BE INSERTED IN THE INNER TUBES OF YOUR CAR WHICH WILL CROON SWEET HARMONY EVERY TIME YOU GET A FLAT —



OH, THE OLD GRAY MARE ⁵⁵ ₅₅
— SHE AIN'T WHAT SHE USED TO BE!! ⁵⁵ ₅₅

AN ELECTRIC CLOCK WITH A PERCOLATOR ATTACHMENT WILL SOON BE ON THE MARKET THAT WILL AUTOMATICALLY SERVE YOU YOUR BREAKFAST COFFEE IN BED AS SOON AS THE ALARM GOES OFF,—



HOT JAVA!

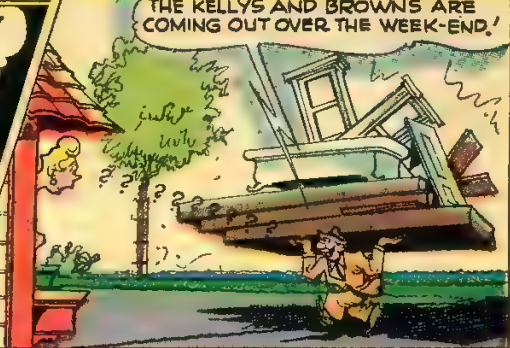
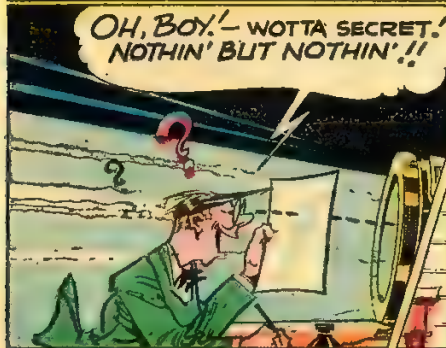


A NEW INVISIBLE INK WILL SOON BE IN USE THAT WILL BE SO PERFECTLY BLENDED THAT EVEN THE WRITER HIMSELF WILL NEVER AGAIN KNOW WHAT HE WROTE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

AND LOW-PRICED PREFABRICATED HOUSES WILL BE SOLD IN SECTIONS, AN EXTRA ROOM WHENEVER YOU NEED IT.

OH, BOY!— WOTTA SECRET!
NOTHIN' BUT NOTHIN'!!

THE KELLYS AND BROWNS ARE
COMING OUT OVER THE WEEK-END!



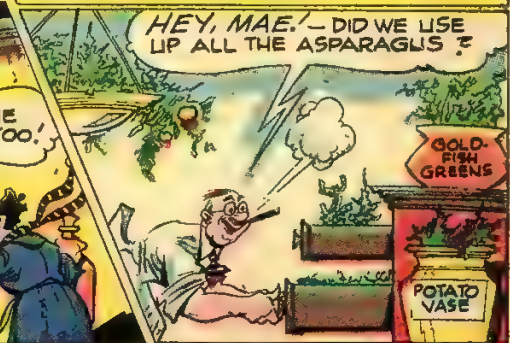
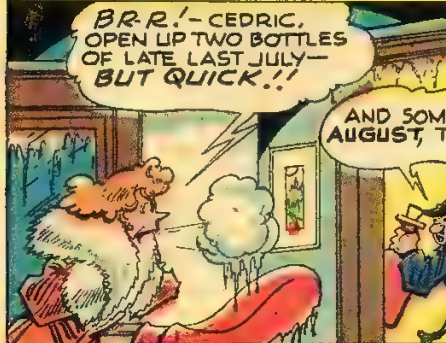
SOLAR HEAT TRAPS WILL CATCH THE TORRID TEMPERATURE OF AUGUST WHICH CAN THEN BE BOTTLED FOR HOME USE COME NEXT FEBRUARY.

INCREASED APPLICATION OF METHODS FOR GROWING VEGETABLES INDOORS IN CHEMICALLY TREATED LIQUIDS WILL SOON BE PROVIDING HUGE CROPS IN ANY FURNISHED ROOM.

BRR!— CEDRIC,
OPEN UP TWO BOTTLES
OF LATE LAST JULY—
BUT QUICK!!

AND SOME
AUGUST, TOO!

HEY, MAE!— DID WE USE
UP ALL THE ASPARAGUS?



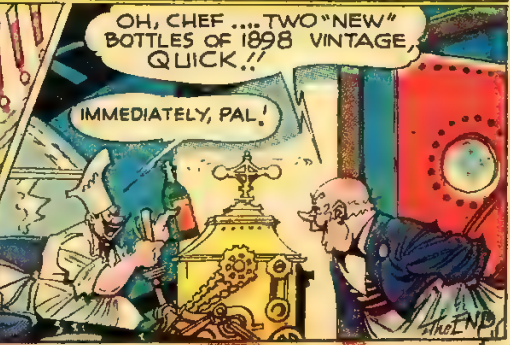
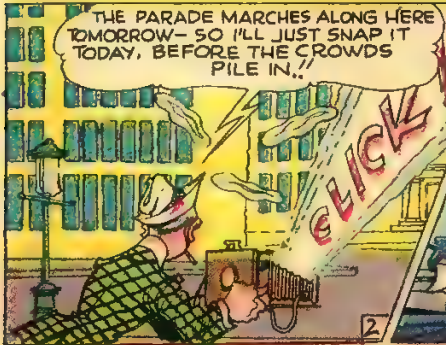
WITH THE USE OF FASTER CAMBRA LENSES AND A NEW SECRET SUPERSENSITIVE PHOTO FILM, FOLKS WILL BE ABLE TO SNAP THE PICTURE OF AN EVENT 24 HOURS BEFORE IT EVEN HAPPENS!

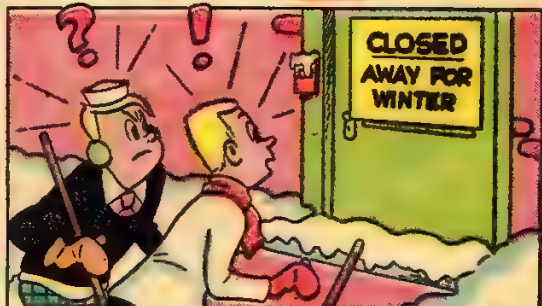
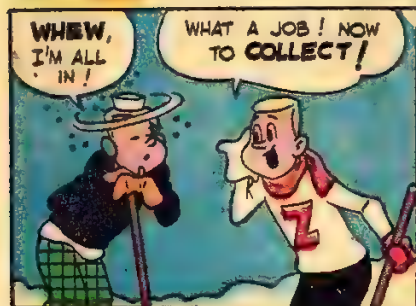
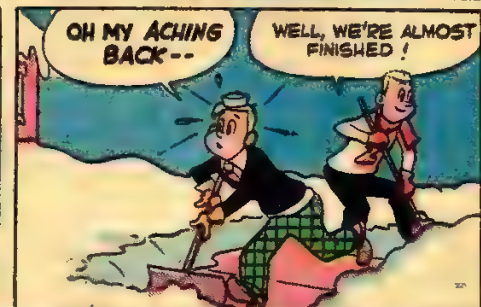
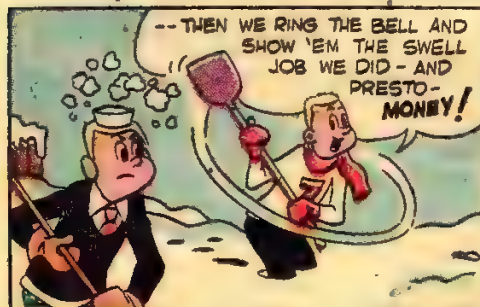
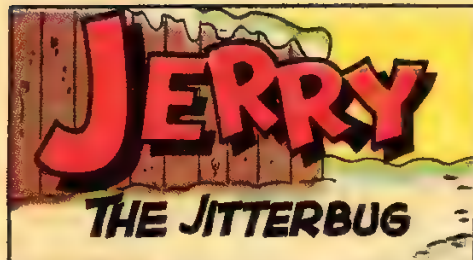
AND A NEW ELECTRONIC GADGET WILL SOON BE IN USE THAT WILL AGE ANY LIQUID AT LEAST 45 YEARS— IN LESS THAN 6 MINUTES—

THE PARADE MARCHES ALONG HERE TOMORROW— SO I'LL JUST SNAP IT TODAY, BEFORE THE CROWDS PILE IN!!

OH, CHEF ... TWO "NEW"
BOTTLES OF 1898 VINTAGE,
QUICK!!

IMMEDIATELY, PAL!





STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF DETECTIVE COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the DETECTIVE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in certain 257-Postal Laws, and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc. 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Editor F. W. Ellsworth, 180 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Managing Editor, Harry Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is, (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., Harry Donenfeld, Gladis Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, Ross Liebowitz, P. H. Sampfliner, Sophie L. Sampfliner, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham

S. Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham S. Menin as Successor Trustees for Gladis Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as (a) trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Subscribed to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1946.

ALFRED E. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1948)

TUNE OF DEATH

by Stan Carter

BIG AUGIE broke out the machine-guns.

He handed one apiece to Gat Gerz and Charlie the Rod. "I'm going with you guys," he said, "to make sure we rub out this stool pigeon."

He was referring to Dan Walter. Two days earlier Dan Walter had cracked under grilling and revealed that Big Augie and his two gunmen had pulled off the First National Bank stickup. Right now Big Augie and the boys were out on bail.

Big Augie was worried. A guy with a three time rap and a fourth coming up has every right to be. "The only thing in our favor," Big Augie said to the boys now, "is that those dumb cops didn't put any protection around Dan Walter."

"Maybe Dan didn't want it, Augie," said Charlie the Rod. He grinned. "It wouldn't have done him any good anyway. We'd get to him."

Big Augie smiled evilly. "He's meeting his girl, Millie, after the show at the Bijou tonight. Outside the stage door." He looked at his watch. "And I think maybe we'd better be going now fellows."

Big Augie was very happy as the black sedan purred toward the back of the vaudeville theatre. Dan Walter wouldn't have his mob around. He thought no one knew about Millie. In that he was wrong. Big Augie knew—too much.

They parked the car around the corner from the Bijou and, to passersby, they were just musicians carrying violin cases. The tune they were about to play would be one of death, though.

In the darkness of the theatre alley they huddled against the wall, awaiting their prey. In a few moments a sleek yellow roadster, with the top down, pulled up.

The trio took out the guns. Suddenly, Big Augie stiffened. "Wait a minute fellows," he said. "Someone's coming out. We don't want any witnesses."

No, this thing had to go off with split second precision. No witnesses. A blast of flame. Then retreat. Get into the car and away to the hideout. He'd come back, with the boys, at the time set for trial. But there would be a vital witness missing. He'd be dead.

The man who came out walked down the street and was lost in the shadows. Big Augie grinned again as a burly man stepped from the roadster; Dan Walter.

The trio stole along, hidden in shadows. "You'd better watch the entrance to this alley, Charlie," said Big Augie. "Gat and I will do the job."

Charlie the Rod snaked his way along.

The next instant there was a burst of machine-gun fire and Dan Walter slumped to the street.

"C'mon, Charlie," yelled Gat. "Let's get going." He raced toward the car.

"Hey, what's this?" Big Augie yelled. For Charlie the Rod was pushing a man into the car. He was the one who had been on the stagedoor steps a few moments earlier. The man looked plenty scared.

"He saw the whole thing," Charlie the Rod said. "I saw him coming back."

"I—I—forgot something," the man quavered. "Honest, I—I— didn't see anything."

"We ain't taking no chances on you," Big Augie growled.

"Let him have it, Boss," said Charlie the Rod from the back of the speeding car.

"Not here. We'll take him along and give it to him later."

Charlie the Rod chuckled. "The guy fainted, Big Augie."

Their prisoner didn't revive until the trio had carried him into the house some twenty-five miles out on Long Island.

It was one of Big Augie's pet hideouts. A town nearby offered all the supplies they would need. Big Augie intended to hole up here until the trial. But now this witness complicated matters. He glowered at the frightened captive who cowered, white-faced, in a chair.

"Too bad, buddy, you had to butt in," Big Augie growled. "What's your name?"

"Smart. Professor Smart, they call me," the man said shakily. "I—"

Charlie the Rod guffawed. "For a professor you wasn't so smart!" he hooted. "You should of stayed out of that alley."

Big Augie growled at his henchman. "That'll be enough, Charlie," he warned. "Just you keep an eye on this bird until me and Gat get back. We're going to pick up some food. Then we'll take care of this punk."

Perspiration broke out on Smart's face. He licked his lips nervously. His eyes were frightened as he saw the pair go out. Then he said to Charlie the Rod: "You mean they're going to kill me?"

"That's right," said Charlie the Rod. He drew a chair up to a table, took out a deck of cards. "You play?"

The man shook his head. Then, suddenly he stiffened. He was studying Charlie intently. "Mind if I watch?"

Charlie didn't. He was busy with his solitary game. The man drew up a chair. His fingers toyed nervously with a piece of bright metal which flashed beneath the table light. Charlie looked at it suspiciously. "What's that?"

"Nothing. I do tricks with it," Smart said. "See." He spun it rapidly. Charlie was fascinated. "Say, maybe you can show that to me?"

"Sure," Smart said. "You just keep your eyes on it." His bright eyes watched Charlie. "The main thing is complete concentration." He seemed now to be over his early fear and his voice was smooth and persuasive as he kept up a running conversation with Charlie. Sweat poured from his brow, but he continued talking. And Charlie continued staring until suddenly his head drooped, his eyes closed. Charlie was fast asleep.

Quickly, Smart got to his feet, took Charlie's gun and ran from the house. On the highway he got a lift. You'd think a man so scared would have gone right back to New York. But he didn't. He stopped at a place in town.

Meanwhile, Big Augie and Gat were concluding their shopping trip. Half hour later they headed back. "I hope that guy tried something with Charlie the Rod," Big Augie said. "Then Charlie would bump him and save us the trouble." The lights were burning brightly in the house. Arms filled with packages, the two men entered the room.

"Hey, look," cried Gat. "Charlie's asleep, and that Smart guy's gone!"

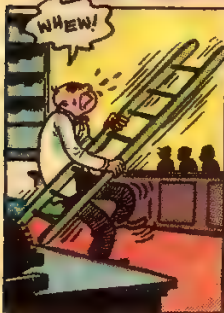
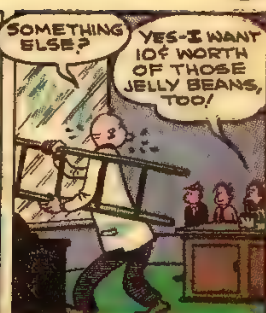
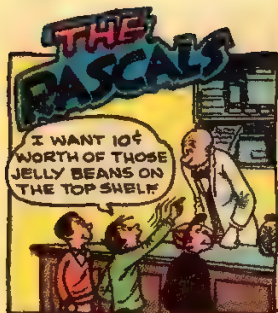
Big Augie dropped the packages. "Gone!"

"No, I'm not. I'm here." Smart stepped into the room, smiling.

Big Augie's face went white. The town sheriff stood there, a gun in his hand. Smart had one, also.

"Let's go," the sheriff said. "I think maybe the FBI will be interested in you fellows, too. You can't go around kidnaping the world's best hypnotist." He chuckled. "You'd better wake that other guy up from his sleep, Professor," he said. "Just wait'll the newspapers get this story!"

Professor Smart smiled. "I was wondering what I could do for a publicity stunt, too, Sheriff," he said, slapping Charlie's face. "Get up, wise guy. You can sleep in a nice roomy cell tonight!"



BRAND NEW ANIMAL PALS!

ROLY and POLY

PETER PORKCHOPS

DOODLES DUCK

PUSS 'N' POOCH

CRAZY LIKE A FOX

Leading COMICS

AN OLD FAVORITE MAGAZINE WITH A FLOCK OF NEW! FEATURES ADDED!

AT YOUR FAVORITE STAND - DON'T MISS IT!



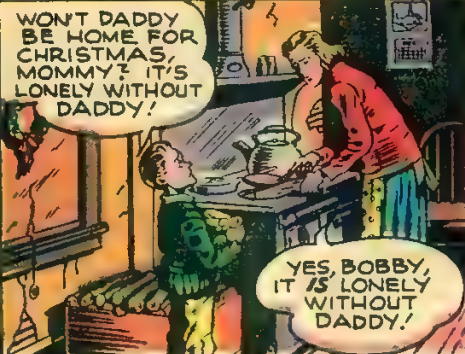


IT'S THE NIGHT OF DEC. 24TH... CHRISTMAS EVE! IT'S THE TIME FOR REJOICING; THE SEASON OF PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TOWARD ALL MEN! AND THROUGH THE SNOW-FLAKED AIR, DRIFTS THE SOUND OF VOICES SINGING JOYOUS CAROLS!



BUT THERE IS NO LAUGHTER, NO JOY, NO SINGING IN THE ROBBINS' HOME...

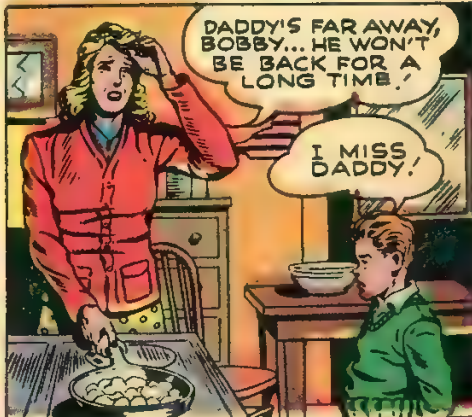
WON'T DADDY BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS, MOMMY? IT'S LONELY WITHOUT DADDY!



YES, BOBBY, IT IS LONELY WITHOUT DADDY!

DADDY'S FAR AWAY, BOBBY... HE WON'T BE BACK FOR A LONG TIME.

I MISS DADDY!



MEANWHILE, BERT ROBBINS' CHRISTMAS EVE IS ALSO A SAD ONE—AT THE STATE PEN.

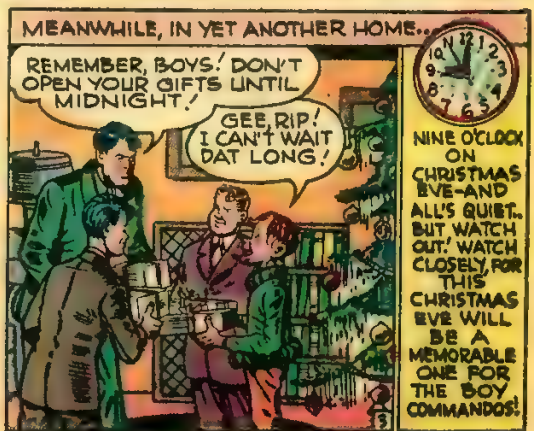
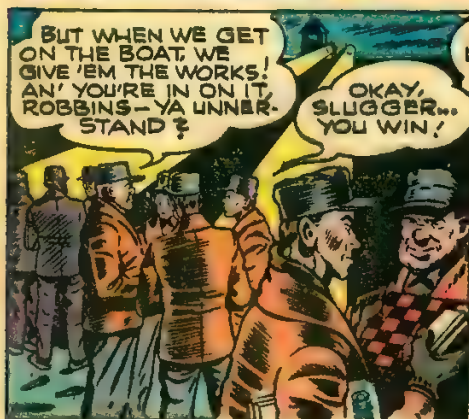


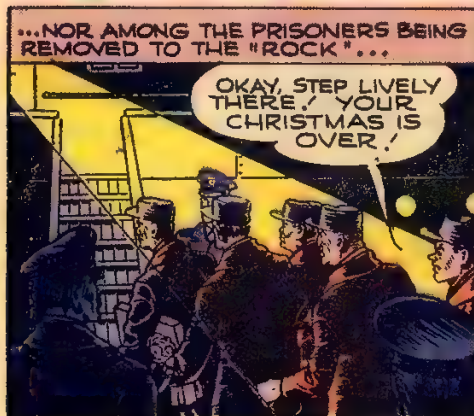
CHEER UP, BERT! WHEN DEY MOVE US TO DA "ROCK", SLUGGER O'KEEFE IS GONNA STAGE A BUST-OUT!

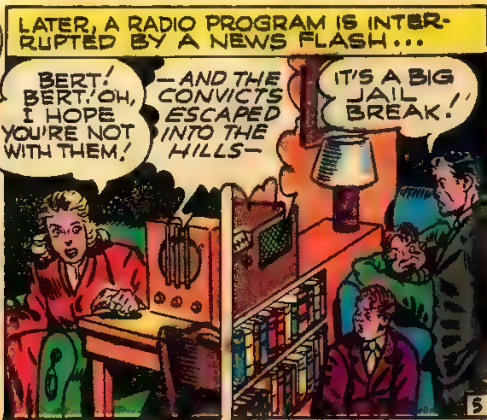
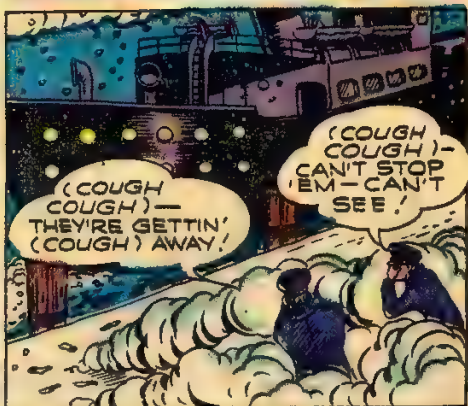
WHAT'S TH' MATTER, ROBBINS? CHEER UP—HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YA. MERRY CHRISTMAS!



I—I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT, SLUGGER!









HMM—NOTHING LIKE A NICE EVENING BEFORE A YULE LOG FIRE!

DO WE HAFTA GO CROOK-CHASIN' T'NIGHT, RIP?

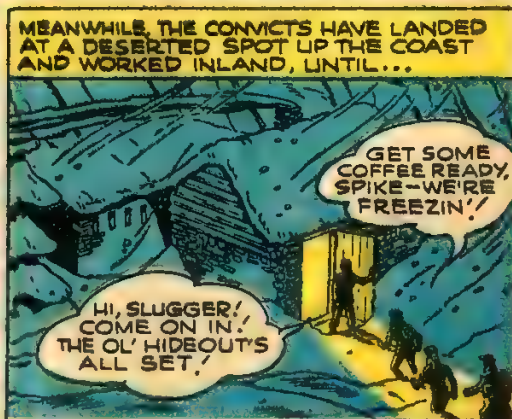


WHY CAWN'T THE BLOOMIN' CHASE WAIT TILL MORNIN', RIP?

MANY OF THOSE ESCAPED CONVICTS ARE MEN WE SENT UP THE RIVER. THEY'RE DANGEROUS!



ESPECIALLY SLUGGER O'KEEFE. IF SLUGGER GETS TIME TO ORGANIZE HIS GANG, HE'LL MAKE CHRISTMAS DAY A NIGHTMARE FOR THE WHOLE STATE!



MEANWHILE, THE CONVICTS HAVE LANDED AT A DESERTED SPOT UP THE COAST AND WORKED INLAND, UNTIL...

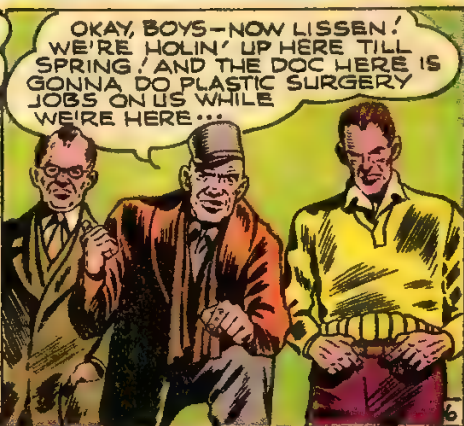
GET SOME COFFEE READY, SPIKE—WE'RE FREEZIN'!

HI, SLUGGER! COME ON IN. THE OL' HIDEOUT'S ALL SET!

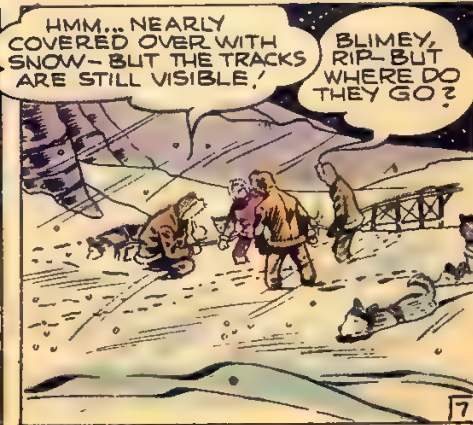
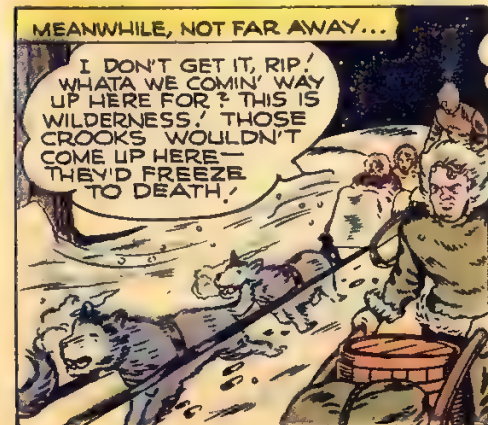
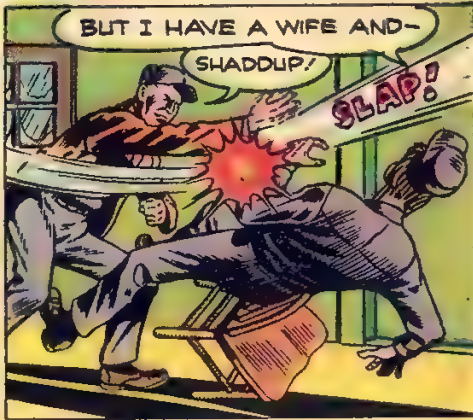
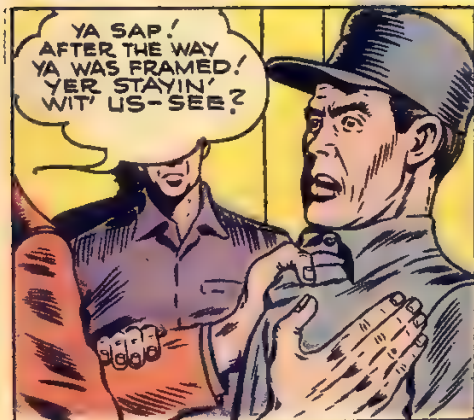
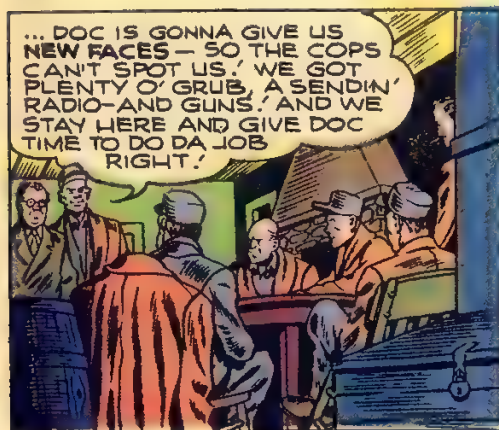


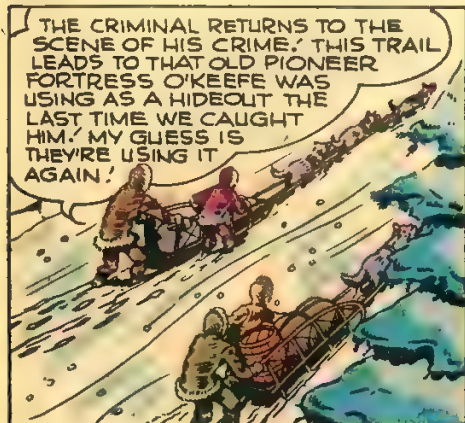
BOOBY-TRAPPIN' THEM TOYS WUZ A SWELL IDEA, SPIKE. THANKS FOR GETTIN' THEM TO US!

THANKS, SLUGGER! AND HOW D'YA LIKE DIS HIDEOUT I FIXED UP FER YOU AN' DA BOYS?

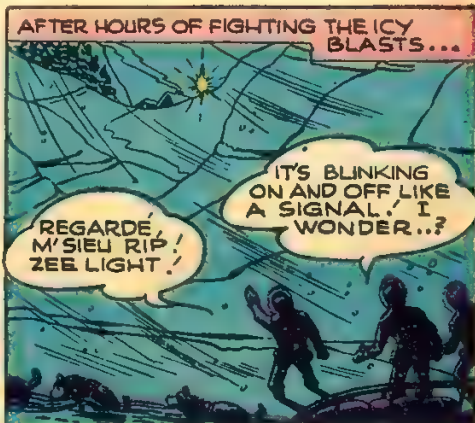


OKAY, BOYS—NOW LISSIN! WE'RE HOLIN' UP HERE TILL SPRING. AND THE DOC HERE IS GONNA DO PLASTIC SURGERY JOBS ON US WHILE WE'RE HERE...





THE CRIMINAL RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME. THIS TRAIL LEADS TO THAT OLD PIONEER FORTRESS O'KEEFE WAS USING AS A HIDEOUT THE LAST TIME WE CAUGHT HIM. MY GUESS IS THEY'RE USING IT AGAIN!



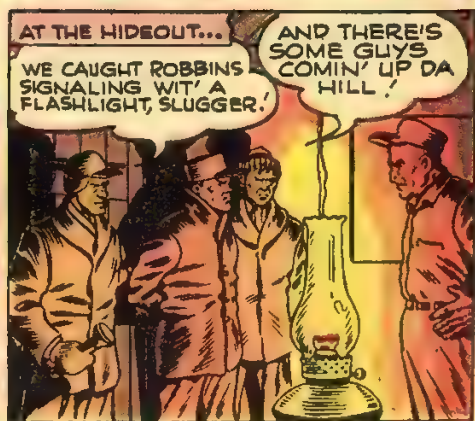
AFTER HOURS OF FIGHTING THE ICY BLASTS...

REGARDE, M'SIEU RIP! ZEE LIGHT!

IT'S BLINKING ON AND OFF LIKE A SIGNAL. I WONDER...?



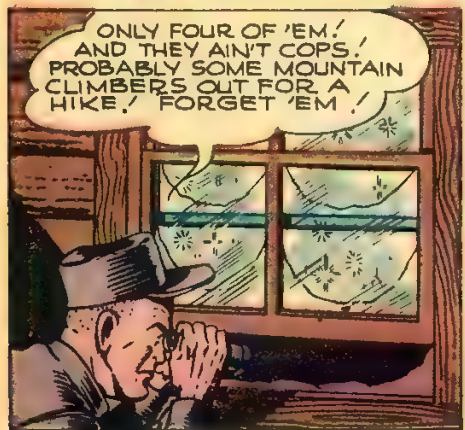
MAYBE SLUGGER'S LURING US INTO A TRAP! BUT WE'LL CARRY ON WITH OUR PLAN- LIGHT OR NO LIGHT!



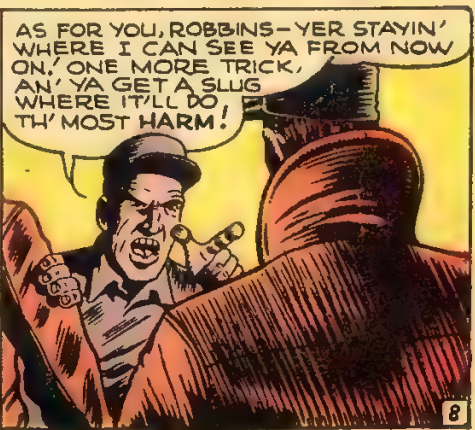
AT THE HIDEOUT...

WE CAUGHT ROBBINS SIGNALING WIT' A FLASHLIGHT, SLUGGER!

AND THERE'S SOME GUYS COMIN' UP DA HILL!



ONLY FOUR OF 'EM! AND THEY AIN'T COPS! PROBABLY SOME MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS OUT FOR A HIKE. FORGET 'EM!

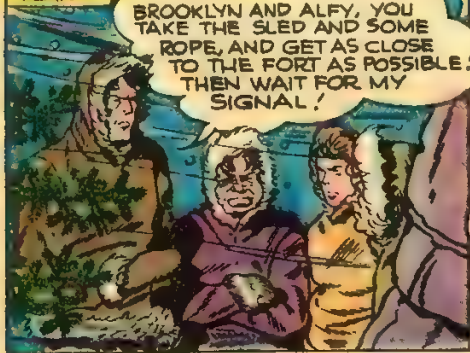


AS FOR YOU, ROBBINS-YER STAYIN' WHERE I CAN SEE YA FROM NOW ON. ONE MORE TRICK, AN' YA GET A SLUG WHERE IT'LL DO TH' MOST HARM!



AFTER CIRCLING THE HILL, TO APPROACH THE
FORTRESS FROM THE REAR, RIP OUTLINES HIS
PLAN...

BROOKLYN AND ALFY, YOU
TAKE THE SLED AND SOME
ROPE, AND GET AS CLOSE
TO THE FORT AS POSSIBLE!
THEN WAIT FOR MY
SIGNAL!



ANDRE AND I WILL
GO TO THE SLOPE
ABOVE THE HIDEOUT!
GOT IT?

RIGHT!

CHECK!

MAIS
OUI!



S'LONG, RIP-
ANDRE! SEE YOU
AT DA TOIKEY
DINNER!



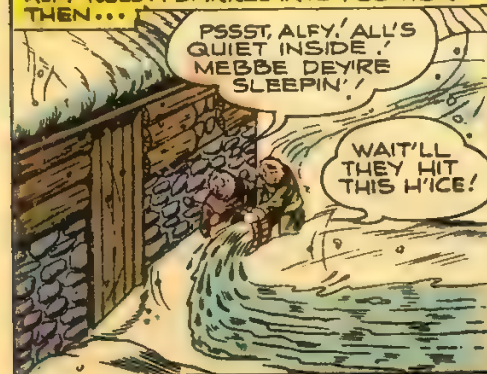
C'MON, ALFY!
LET'S GIT DIS JOB
OVER WIT! I WANTA
GO HOME AND OPEN
DA CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS!



JUST OUTSIDE THE FORT, BROOKLYN AND
ALFY ROLL A BARREL INTO POSITION.
THEN...

PSSST, ALFY! ALL'S
QUIET INSIDE!
MEBBE DEY'RE
SLEEPIN'!

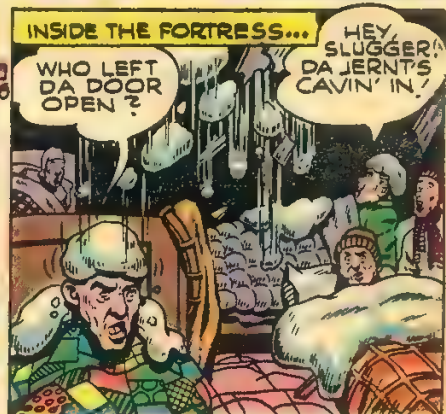
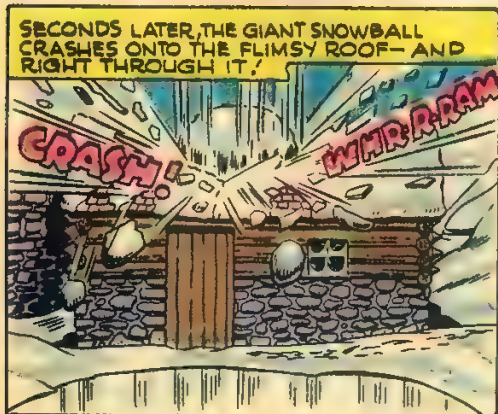
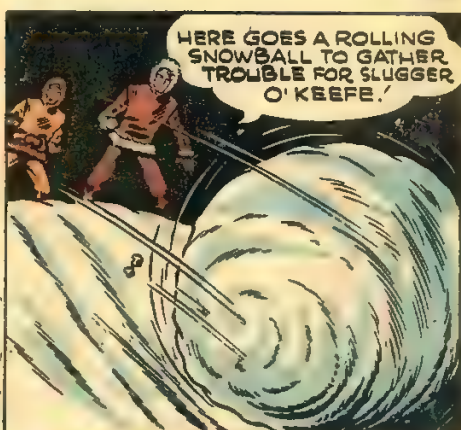
WAIT'LL
THEY HIT
THIS H'ICE!



AND UP ABOVE THE FORTRESS...

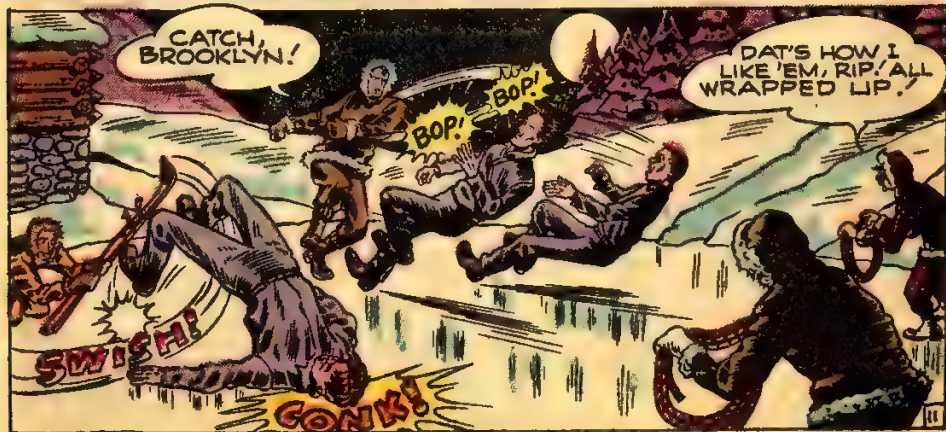
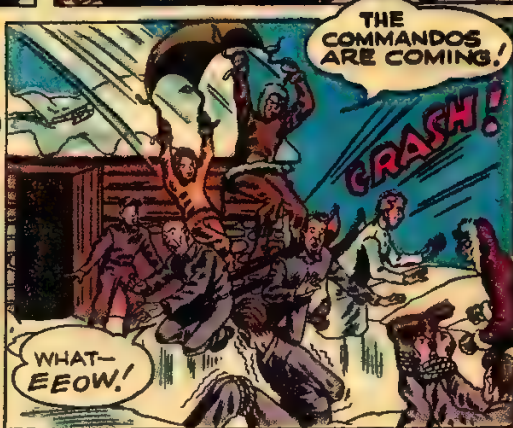
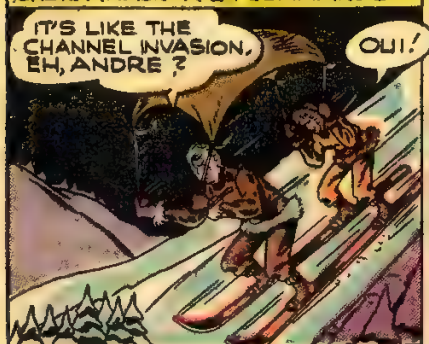
BROOKLYN IS WAVING! THAT
MEANS THE ICE IS READY!
LET'S GO, ANDRE!







WITH THE INITIAL ASSAULT A SUCCESS, RIP AND ANDRE LAUNCH THEIR PARACHUTE ATTACK—A LA COMMANDO...



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE FORT...

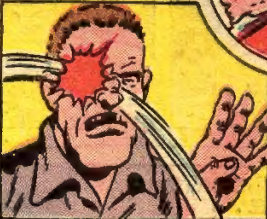
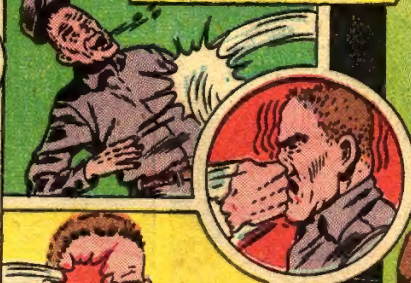
YE'RE THE RAT THAT
SIGNALLED 'EM. I'LL KILL
YA, ROBBINS. KILL YA.
YA'LL NEVER PROVE
YA WERE FRAMED
NOW!

I HEARD THAT,
SLUGGER! TURN
HIM LOOSE!

NO!
NO!
DONT
HIT
ME!

SO, YOU CAN
DISH IT OUT,
BUT YOU CAN'T
TAKE IT!
SLUGGER!
IT'S ABOUT
TIME YOU GOT
A DOSE OF
YOUR OWN
POISON!

AND RIP CARTER GIVES ONE
GANGSTER A LESSON HE'LL
NEVER FORGET!



IT'S ALL OVER, BERT!
WE'RE TAKING YOU
BACK WITH US!

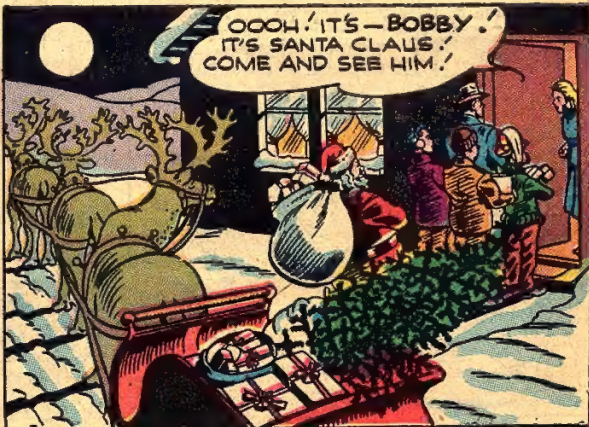
CHEE, RIP!
SLUGGER LOOKS
LIKE A STUFFED
ANIMAL!

WE'VE RADIOED THE
POLICE, BERT, AND
YOU'RE IN OUR
CUSTODY UNTIL
FURTHER ORDERS!
O'KEEFE AND HIS
GANG WILL STAY
TIED UP HERE
UNTIL THE
LAW
ARRIVES!

LATER, AT THE ROBBINS HOME..

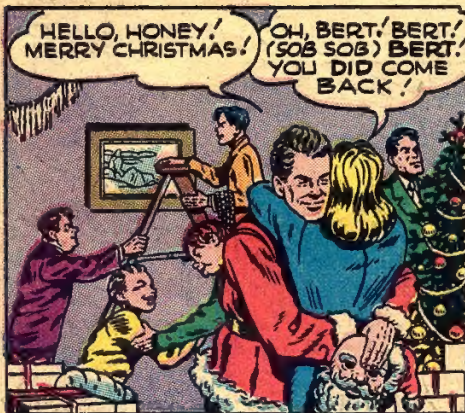
NOW, WHO COULD THAT BE?
NOBODY'S VISITED US SINCE
BERT WENT TO JAIL!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!



HELLO, HONEY!
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

OH, BERT! BERT!
(SOB SOB) BERT!
YOU DID COME
BACK!



LAY OFF
DA ROUGH
STUFF, KID,
I GOT SOME
TOYS FOR
YOUSE!

SANTA CLAUS'S
HELPER!
SANTA CLAUS'S
HELPER!



YES, IT'S A REAL MERRY CHRISTMAS
AT THE ROBBINS HOME...

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A VERY HAPPY 1947 TO ALL!

From RIP CARTER, THE BOY COMMANDOS AND THE ROBBINS FAMILY!



...AND NO ONE ENJOYED IT MORE
THAN DID THE BOY COMMANDOS!
RS. BERT ROBBINS WAS CLEARED
OF ALL CHARGES.

THE
END

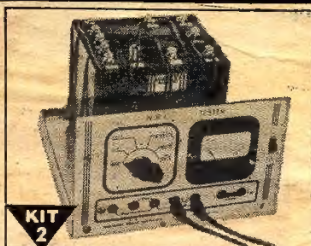


I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

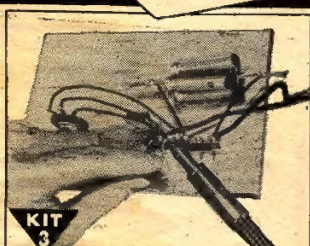
**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



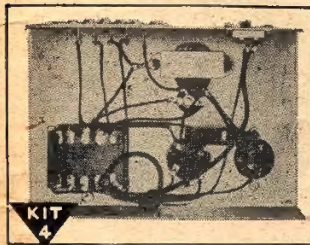
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



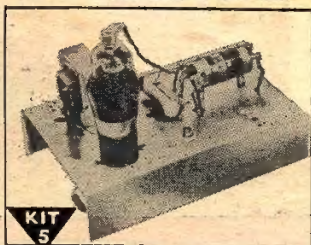
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course, letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

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National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home
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"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

Tiny cell packs enough ENERGY to kick 186 field goals

Like football? Like to sit breathless while the Big Team goes into kick formation for a last-minute winning try? Then listen: The great new "Eveready" flashlight cell NOW has energy equal to that used in making 186 big-time field goals from the 25-yard line! Extra power makes "EVEREADY" batteries the All-American choice for brilliant, lasting, low-cost light!



THE NEW "Eveready" flashlight cell literally *blasts* darkness with a dazzling beam of powerful white light. And does it for nearly *twice* as long as famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. Because this new cell packs *93% more energy!* Service from "Eveready" flashlight batteries is nearly *doubled*...yet you *pay no more* for this far greater value! For longer life of brighter light...get these new "Eveready" flashlight batteries!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

93% MORE ENERGY

Nearly *twice* the electric energy...almost *two times longer life* than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. That's today's *high-energy* "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.



High Energy

MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

